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The Week

WITH Premier MacDonald coming to the United States in October, and a five-power naval conference planned for January, it begins to look as if an agreement on limitation of cruisers would be achieved, and the danger of competitive building allayed for a number of years, at any rate. The private conversations have reduced the difference between Great Britain and the United States to the question of whether we should have three more or three less large cruisers. Considering the stake which Messrs. MacDonald and Hoover have in the success of the negotiations, this margin of difficulty ought certainly to be overcome. Mr. Hoover has won a great victory in coming so close to a limitation agreement. But he has failed in one of his chief objects—to bring about an actual reduction of our cruiser strength and naval expenses. If we do have a total reduction, it will come in other classes. The British have receded a long way from the minimum tonnage they demanded at Geneva, but we shall still have to build up to them in order to maintain parity. Even the proposed British reduction cannot become an actuality unless the other three powers will coöperate; Mr. MacDonald has made it plain that he is thinking of them in considering relative naval strength, not of us. The remaining task is chiefly to bring France, Italy and Japan into line.

THE NEW REPUBLIC shares the surprise of Secretary Stimson that the Senate resolution authorizing the investigation of Mr. William B. Shearer's statements should be limited to his activities at Geneva. It is also disappointed that the chairman of the sub-committee to conduct the investigation should be a weak sister like Senator Shortridge. As a bulletin of the Foreign Policy Association pointed out last week, Congress, disturbed by the growing tendency of the Navy Department to award ship contracts to the three private yards which are now known to have engaged Mr. Shearer—the only private yards in the country equipped to build large cruisers—inserted a provision in the act of December, 1924, that henceforth naval construction should be carried on in government yards when, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Navy, such construction did not involve an appreciable increase in cost to the government. Yet although the navy yards underbid the private companies on the eight cruisers authorized in that year, in some cases to the extent of $3,000,000 a vessel, the Navy Department awarded contracts for five of them to the three yards in question. What is the Senate going to do about inquiring into this action and the justification for it? Is it going to ignore the part played by the navy and ship-building companies, and make a scapegoat of Mr. Shearer?

THE THREE ship-building companies in question made so much money that they could afford to pay Mr. Shearer $50,000 for his services, and, according to him, contracted to pay him $250,000 more. He not only worked assiduously to defeat an international naval agreement—the aspect of his efforts which the Senate has voted to investigate—but he worked for the passage of the cruiser bill and against the entrance of the United States into the World Court. He may have done other work, also. The defense by Mr. Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, to the effect that Mr. Shearer had been employed only as an "observer," is, as

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Borah has said, "an insult to the intelligence of the American people." If Messrs. Grace and Schwab learned in December, 1927, the fact that Mr. Shearer had been an "active propagandist," why did they wait until March, 1929, before ordering his discharge? Was it because the fifteen-cruiser bill was not passed until February, 1929? Was it because that bill specified that eight out of the fifteen cruisers must be built in government yards? The important thing for this investigation to bring out is the connection between private profit, the navy and the armament propaganda. The important action for Congress to take is to make certain that there will in the future be as little profit in armament propaganda as is possible.

THE COUNTER-ATTACK of the big-navy adherents upon the Shearer sensation is to call for an investigation of the propagandists for a smaller navy. If such an investigation did not sap the energy and attention necessary for the main business in hand, it might have salutary results. It would, of course, show that such slender funds as the anti-militarists have are not derived from any business concerns which would make a profit from the success of their endeavors. And it would undoubtedly make absurd the main stock-in-trade of the super-patriotic organizations—the charge that all "pacifists" are subsidized by Russia or some supposedly hostile foreign power. In the meantime, however, it is clear that the intensified demand for an investigation of pacifist activities constitutes a new phase of the armament makers' propaganda—a phase that shows quite distinctly the touch of the professional publicity expert, whose job is so often to create a diversion in the public mind. What new "public relations counsel" have the private ship-builders engaged, now that Shearer has gone bad on them? Has the Bethlehem Steel Corporation obtained the services of a man, let us say, like Ivy Lee? The Senate ought certainly to inquire into this aspect of the matter, also.

THE PURCHASE by the Morgan-controlled utility interests in New York State, from the Mellon interests, of a strip of the St. Lawrence river shore where a hydro-electric plant might be built, has raised anew the whole series of questions revolving about power. Governor Roosevelt has explained that anyone who built such a plant would still have to lease from the state the water rights and the bed of the river, and he has indicated that he will proceed, at the next meeting of the legislature, to push his plan, based on Governor Smith's, for a publicly owned development of the power. The Republican legislature undoubtedly will not consent to his plan, but will wait in the hope that the election of a Republican governor will enable the state to surrender to the private companies. The problem of how to regulate the big holding companies and how to im- the regulation of the operating companies is also emphasized again by this development. And Senator Capper and others regard it as a menace to the proposed Great Lakes-to-the-sea waterway. We heartily endorse Governor Roosevelt's position for public ownership of the generating plants, and we hope he will go on to devise a better system of regulation. But we are extremely dubious of the value of a St. Lawrence waterway. In any case, it would be well to separate the question of power quite distinctly from that of navigation.

LAST WEEK we commented upon the growth of the principle of compulsory arbitration as indicated by the acceptance of the Optional Clause of the World Court statute by a number of states at the League Assembly at Geneva. Well-wishers of peace have greeted the growth of the arbitration principle with enthusiasm. The New Republic shares this enthusiasm, but with definite reservations. Arbitration is a solution for legal controversies involving the interpretation of treaties and the decisions of points relating to international law. But arbitration cannot allay fundamental controversies such as those concerning tariffs and armaments, which are not covered by treaties. A court of international law cannot, moreover, change the terms of a treaty which is thought to be unfair, or which was accepted under duress, unless specifically instructed to do so by the parties concerned. If, for example, Germany should ask the World Court to return Danzig to the Reich, the Court could not do so, simply because the present status of Danzig is fixed in the Treaty of Versailles. Arbitration is, therefore, no solution for the really pressing problems confronting the international community. Indeed, if the only recourse of states having basic grievances is to a court of law, such states will have no remedy. The procedure becomes nothing more than a juridical guarantee of the status quo. It is significant that in its project of a law accepting the General Act of Pacific Settlement, framed by the League, the French government specifically reserves from the operation of this Act all questions relating to the revision of existing treaties. It is satisfied with the status quo, and relies upon arbitration to maintain it.

SOME OF the delegates at the League of Nations Assembly, which is now in session, recognize the importance of developing legislative machinery to supplement existing judicial procedure and to bring about changes in the status quo. Attention was called to this problem by a resolution introduced by Dr. Wu of the Chinese delegation authorizing the Assembly to appoint a committee "to consider and report on the best method of making effective" Article XIX of the Covenant—an article which, according to his resolution, is "one of the most essential articles in the Covenant." Article XIX provides that the Assembly may advise as to the reconsideration, by members of the League, of treaties which have become inapplicable. Through Article

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XIX the Chinese government wishes to rally the disinterested opinion of the world in support of its campaign to do away with the "unequal" treaties. The proposal to establish a committee to make use of this Article has been bitterly opposed at Geneva, particularly by France and Rumania. These governments argue that the "unequal treaties" apply only to a few powers and should not, therefore, be placed before an international gathering. The argument is, of course, a pretext. France and Rumania realize that, if this committee is appointed, a precedent will be established so that the League of Nations may, eventually, bring about, through Article XIX, a revision of the unjust provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. Following the threat of China to withdraw from the League, opposition to the Chinese proposal has subsided and the question has been placed on the agenda. If the League decides to appoint such a committee, the decision may be momentous for the future of the Orient and of Europe as well.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS the Negro republic of Liberia has been under fire, because of the treatment accorded to its native populations. It is charged that the government compels natives to work on the roads without compensation and without limit as to time. It is likewise charged that natives are forcibly recruited in Liberia for the Spanish plantations in the island of Fernando Po, and that government officials, from President King downward, profit heavily from such recruiting. Finally, fears have been expressed lest the Firestone rubber plantations make use of the methods of recruiting which the government elsewhere follows. It seems that Mr. Firestone treats his men well, once they come into his employ. Nevertheless, as long as he utilizes Liberian recruiters and makes use of government aid in procuring a labor supply, many students of tropical labor believe that indirect compulsion and other abuses sooner or later will become inevitable. When Mr. R. L. Buell made charges in regard to the Liberian labor situation in his book on "The Native Problem of Africa," the Liberian government made an abusive denial, which it repeated this June at the International Labor Conference. At first the State Department came to the defense of the Liberian government. But during the last few months evidence in regard to the Fernando Po and road situations has become so overwhelming that the State Department, we understand, only recently sent a sharp note to Monrovia, declaring that these conditions must come to an end.

AS A RESULT, the Liberian government has announced to the League of Nations this week its intention to appoint a commission to investigate charges of slavery, one member to be appointed by the Liberian government, one by the United States, and a third by the League of Nations. The effectiveness of this commission will depend upon its personnel. It goes without saying that the Liberian representative will give the government a clean slate. In view of the charges made at Geneva regarding conditions in Liberia, there is every reason to believe that the League representative will insist upon a thorough investigation. The balance of power will, therefore, be held by the representative selected by the State Department. We hope that Secretary Stimson will name a competent and a courageous man.

IT IS A popular opinion that ownership of securities in the United States is being gradually distributed over the whole population. Every widow has her little envelope of bonds in her safety deposit box; and barbers, mechanics, and small salaried office employees are laying away stocks to support them in their old age. There is no doubt that this is more often true now than in the past. But a full-page advertisement, appearing in the daily papers, by the publisher of three well known financial journals, indicates that this distribution is considerably less widespread than is commonly supposed. For, from this advertisement, we learn that "one of New York's important financial houses" recently reported that 92 percent of its volume was sold to customers who bought $5,000 or more a year. Our publisher estimates that few people are likely to buy $5,000 in bonds in one year until they have reached the $25,000 income class. And in the United States at present there are only 91,401 tax payers who report incomes of that size. It does not take much arithmetic to realize that this is a small fraction of our population: in 1920, there were approximately 53,000,000 people in this country over twenty-five years of age. In other words, those with incomes of $25,000 or more constitute less than two-tenths of one percent of our adult population. If the experience of the financial house quoted above may be taken as typical, this handful, which is smaller than the population of such towns as Lawrence, Mass., or Schenectady, N. Y., holds some 92 percent of the securities of the country. The other 98 percent of the adult population, owning 8 percent of the securities, constitutes an unimportant fringe on the outskirts of control.

TWELVE FARM GROUPS have sent to members of the Senate a petition for a higher tariff on farm products, and against what they term "the preferential tariff position" accorded to the Philippines. That preference grows out of the fact that the Philippines were taken over by the United States, against their will, and, following precedent in other annexations, have become part of the American economic system. This was to have been foreseen from the beginning. We do not know what attitude these fourteen farm organizations took toward the conquest of the Philippines, but the sentiment in the Middle West was strongly in favor of it. President McKinley, after his tour through this region, reported to his astonished Cabinet that unless the Philippines were retained there would be a

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revolution. Of course, this was hysteria, but there was a good deal of the same spirit abroad in that part of the country from which the President had returned. The farmers did not want the Philippines for any conceivable reason except the one which animated McKinley, a foolish sense of prestige—national honor. Through their organizations at the time they helped to force this view on the administration. If in sheer self-interest they had protested, they might have saved the United States an unnecessary war, involving betrayal of allies and unspeakable atrocities. It would be a wholesome lesson if the organizations now petitioning to have preference withdrawn from the Philippines would look up their record or that of their predecessors on the original annexation.

Class War in North Carolina

IS THERE a class struggle in the United States? This question has been raised perennially by industrial radicals for the past half-century. At present, the chief adherents of the class-struggle theory are the Communists. And as the chief demonstration of their theory they are now pointing to Gastonia. The character and the significance of what has been going on in that region deserve candid examination. The situation is one that must deeply disturb every conscientious citizen, on account of its purely human aspects. But it is also, in a sense, a laboratory experiment from which we can learn something about the behavior of the American community and the validity of Communist doctrine.

The Communist theory, stripped of its verbiage and its endless complications, is at bottom extremely simple. Capitalism divides people into two classes—the owning class and the working class. The owners, who are not necessarily wicked or inhuman by disposition, are forced by the economic situation to follow their advantage, to seize the lion's share of the income and wealth of industrial civilization. This they do by exploiting the workers—paying them as little and working them as hard as possible. Sometimes the workers are fooled, or misled, or temporarily bought off by minor concessions which do not alter the underlying reality of the struggle. But, periodically, their sense of grievance will break out into active resistance. All this is regarded as a law of nature under capitalism—something that is not the product of planning or agitation.

It is a Communist doctrine that in this struggle there are no real or effective neutrals. The *petite bourgeoisie*—small shopkeepers, professional men, etc.—will, because they aspire to become larger owners, normally side with the owning class. Eventually, the development of capitalism will make most of them either wage-workers, or big owners, or actual retainers of the big owners. The government, no matter if it be representative in form and based on universal suffrage, is really an instrument of the owning class. Its armed forces, its police, even its judiciary, will be used to protect the property of the owners, to keep the workers in subjection, and to do away with their leaders. Even the regular trade-union officials, who do not subscribe to revolutionary doctrine, are, according to the Communists, merely self-seekers or job-holders who aid the owners in keeping the workers in hand, by pacifying their fighting instincts and leading them off into deceptive and unsubstantial compromises.

The Communists believe that in some future crisis the workers will revolt, seize the power, set up their own government, and abolish capitalism. This revolt will necessarily be a violent affair, because the bourgeoisie, big and little, will not surrender without a struggle. They do not believe the revolutionary crisis is imminent in the United States; at present capitalism is too often successful in keeping the workers contented and divided. There are too many of the *petite bourgeoisie* and they are too strong. There is still too much faith in the ultimate beneficence of democratic and capitalistic society. But, eventually, international capitalist competition for markets and resources will bring on a great war, and history proves that war is the mother of revolution.

In the meantime, the Communists conceive their task to be to educate the workers for what is coming, and to generate leadership among them. This education is very modern in its technique; it is not merely a matter of haranguing and pamphleteering. It is learning by doing, by watching and understanding what happens. There are considerable sections of American industry where extreme exploitation takes place, where the unions have little foot-hold or have been unable to improve the situation of the workers. In these sections spontaneous discontent may be looked for. The present tactics of the Communists are to lead these discontented workers, to be on hand whenever they strike, and to point out to them how capitalist society behaves when it is faced with the justifiable revolt of a group of workers. By experiencing the active hostility of employers, the military, the press, the police, the middle-class and the courts, and by learning how to act loyally and intelligently under their attacks, the workers will achieve a revolutionary "ideology" and will be prepared, little by little, for the eventual cataclysm.

It is not necessary to detail the story of the past six months in the North Carolina textile region to see why the Communists regard it as grist to their mill. You start with the long hours, the low wages, the speed-up and "stretch-out" system, the wealthy owners or managers living in circumstances so dramatically better than those obtaining in the mill villages. You have the workers in the mills, growing more and more discontented in spite of their Anglo-Saxon stock and American ancestry, which it was supposed would protect them from labor or "foreign" agitation. You have the strike, met with an unwillingness to concede anything of moment on the part of the employers. You have the introduction

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of the National Guard to protect the strike-breakers, the hostile attitude of the local police, the incendiary utterances against the strikers by newspapers like the Gastonia Gazette. You have, in Gastonia, the destruction of the headquarters of the union and of the strikers' relief by an armed, masked mob, the members of which are undiscovered and unpunished by the agencies of government. You have the evictions of families from company houses. You have the subsequent entrance upon the territory of the strikers' camp, without a warrant, by the police, repelled by gun-fire of strikers who might well have come to fear for their lives. You have the indictment for murder of sixteen strikers and their leaders, on the basis of circumstantial evidence, and a trial in which an unprecedented array of counsel for the prosecution consists largely of lawyers connected with the mills themselves. When the trial has fizzled, you have the kidnapping and beating of strike leaders, the arrest of those kidnapped on trumped-up charges, the rejection of the evidence against his assailants by the chief victim, on the ground that he does not believe in God. You have the chasing of a truckload of strikers going to a meeting, by an armed mob, and the killing of a local woman organizer. What may lie in the future of this bloody warfare, nobody can tell.

It is true that the agitation of the Communists, and even more the sentiments atributed to them, have been extremely provocative. But it is also true that similar events have often happened elsewhere during strikes, when the leaders did not believe in or preach revolution at all. It is true that the strike at Gastonia under radical leadership has petered out without advantage for the workers, but it is also true that other textile strikes of the past few months have had little result, and that the cry of the Southern workers for union organization has not been met by resourceful and energetic enough action on the part of the conservative trade-union movement.

What can those who do not believe that the class struggle is as fundamental and determining as do the Communists say about this situation? They must admit that in this case and in this locality the class war has been real. On account of the good fortune that a man like Judge Barnhill was selected to conduct the strikers' murder trial, they can plead not guilty to the charge levelled by The Daily Worker at The New Republic and The Nation:

> Their role is to try to aid the class they serve maintain the illusion of the impartiality of capitalist justice and its whole retinue of prostituted judges, prosecuting attorneys, perjured witnesses and bought-and-paid-for juries . . . and then proceed to weep crocodile tears about the "break-down of justice," as that snivelling preacher, Norman Thomas, did in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Those with a progressive philosophy can point to the attitude of the few Southern editors like George Fort Milton of the Chattanooga News, who has courageously protested aginst the drift of affairs. They can fall back on the constructive triumphs of successful trade unions, and expound the numerous ways in which the capitalistic order is being modified in the direction of social justice. But as long as backward regions like cotton textiles and coal exist in our industry, as long as so many basic industries allow no vestige of collective bargaining, as long as there are examples of the juncture of employers and government and small business against labor, they must grant that the class struggle is at least endemic in our society. And as long as the possibility of war remains, they must see that what the revolutionaries predict may come to pass. Their wisdom consists merely in understanding that if, peradventure, such a dark future is inevitable, there can be no harm in trying to enlarge the area of reason and justice in the meantime, and if it is not inevitable, every ounce of resourcefulness or energy which can be mustered to achieve social justice without social warfare is well spent.

Financing the Student

ON TWO subjects connected with the present situation in universities and colleges The New Republic receives frequent communications—the low salaries of professors and the rising fees for tuition. It is not often that the same correspondent protests against both evils, at any rate in the same letter. The connection between them is too obvious—one is an attempt to remedy the other. It is true that the student's tuition fee seems to have increased more rapidly than the wage of his instructor. A part of the former is necessarily absorbed by the heightened cost of maintenance of a modern educational plant. But the irresistible argument for the higher fee is the necessity of enabling the teaching force to meet the higher cost of living. It is, of course, impossible to offer the teacher, whether in the academic or professional school, a salary which will attract men and women in competition with the greater prizes in other callings; but it is clearly in the interest of efficiency that the teacher should receive a stipend adequate to the needs of the civilized life, one which will enable him to give his time and thought to fulfilling the demands of his position, free from the hampering necessity of supplementing his livelihood by miscellaneous earnings. The only way in which this can be done on a large scale, and in the long run, is by an increased charge upon the student.

Nevertheless, it may be said that to no subject has the attention of boards of trustees been given more anxiously than to the increase of the tuition fee. It is recognized as a change in educational policy which is reluctantly made. The arguments against it have been given full weight. The American college began in the English tradition, as a place of training for young men who were destined to serve the community through their practice of the learned professions, the pulpit, the bar, the

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school or medicine. To place the cost of this training beyond the means of the poor is to limit the service which the institution was founded to render. But, as Mr. Trevor Arnett of the Rockefeller Foundation has recently pointed out, the college no longer trains exclusively, or even predominantly, men of this type. The average American undergraduate is in college as a means of forwarding his own success in life, and that success is measured by pecuniary reward. According to Mr. Arnett, 68 percent of American college graduates enter business. Why should they not pay the full cost of their college education? Again, it is admitted that the high cost of tuition is undemocratic, that it limits that equality of opportunity which is of the very nature of democracy, and tends to the formation of a class in which culture is the prerogative of privilege. Granting that the increase of fees in endowed institutions has given an impetus to the growth of state universities and to the establishment of municipal colleges, it is admittedly unfortunate that the gap between tuition-charging and the tuition-fee college should be widened, and the danger that the former will be more and more restricted to a privileged class must be deprecated. It is, however, a hard fact that the educational opportunities of the fee college will in the long run be superior to those of the free college. No conceivable increase in state and city appropriations can outrun the increase in the number of students seeking to take advantage of them, while the fee institutions have an automatic check on numbers and the consequent dilution of their educational values in personnel and material.

The tuition-charging colleges have in most cases sought to offset the results of an increase in fees by adding to their scholarship funds, making it possible for students of promise to meet the more difficult economic conditions. This remedial measure is not fully effective. Aid funds have not increased as rapidly as fees, and moreover, the increase has been chiefly horizontal rather than vertical—that is to say, more scholarships have been provided but their value in comparison with the cost of education is less. Three hundred dollars used to be considered a substantial allotment. It remains so today, but whereas a generation ago it paid the tuition fee and left a substantial sum for other expenses, now it often at best suffices only for the former.

This situation involves a danger to the individual student of the better type whose ambition urges him to enter the better college. It was formerly regarded as a moral and intellectual advantage for a student to "work his way through." In the days of a hard-and-fast curriculum this view was undoubtedly sound. The ground to be covered was fixed by the performance of the average, and left the superior mind not a little spare time for work for self-support. Moreover, this work was often tutoring in the prescribed subjects, and gave to the tutor the reënforcement of a secure and steady mastery of them. Today, in consequence of the enormous widening of the curriculum, the situation is entirely different. On the one hand, there is no standard of achievement applicable to all students. The opportunities of training, scholarship, culture and social life offered by any first-class college outrun the possible fulfillment by even the best student. Every serious encroachment on his time defeats his purpose. And, on the other hand, the large, at best loosely correlated, elective curriculum, makes impossible a fixed, quantitative measure of results, and opens the way to superficial and trivial paltering with knowledge and discipline. It is not only the sport or the athlete who seeks the easiest way; the potentially best student finds it more quickly and with more insidiously deteriorating effects to himself and the community. A student working his way through college must make his employment the first charge on his time. To him meat is more than the intellectual life. And that employment may range from handling a telephone switch-board or a soda fountain, to selling goods in a department store or typing in an office—work which not only adds nothing to his scholarly equipment but leaves him physically and nervously tired before his real work begins.

A college dean hesitates to advise a student to enter college under such conditions. But there is an alternative. If it is proper for him to pay something approaching the cost of his college education, in view of its pecuniary value to him in later life, it is proper also for him to borrow against these prospects. The old-fashioned approval of the student who "worked his way through" had its correlative in a horror of debt. But today neither idea is valid. Civilization is supported on credit. As corporate members of the state and other organizations we are all in debt; and the individual practice of instalment buying has received the approval of conservative economists. If it is sound economy to buy an automobile on time, it is certainly sound for the student to buy his education on time. It is true, the student's assets are intangible, and cannot be levied on in case of default. In recognition of that fact an organization has been formed at the instance of Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, to create a revolving fund of $1,200,000 to be issued in loans to students, under specified conditions, against their expectations of future success. This enterprise merely undertakes to exercise on a nation-wide scale a form of beneficence which is practised in many institutions and by many philanthropists. It is not so much the immediate addition to these efforts that is important as the advancement of the plan, and the authoritative endorsement of the practice of student borrowing. The Lincoln Scholarship Fund, Inc. should find no difficulty in raising the initial sum required; and its example may well be followed by the numerous foundations which are seeking harmless and beneficial ways of employing funds set apart for the general good.

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Another Foolish Injunction

THE era of mergers, we are told, is upon us, and the anti-trust laws are dead letters. It is said that everybody recognizes the beneficence of combinations of capital, and not once a year is a suit undertaken to dissolve them. Yet in Philadelphia the other day Federal Judge Kirkpatrick issued a drastic temporary restraining order against what he had been persuaded was a conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce. The combination in question consisted of clothing workers, striking for higher wages, shorter hours, and the right to organize and bargain collectively, under the leadership of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

The logic behind the order is extremely simple, not to say simple-minded. The product of Philadelphia clothing factories is not all sold in the state of Pennsylvania. A good deal of it crosses the state lines. It thus enters into interstate commerce. When people working in these factories decide to strike, they therefore interfere with interstate commerce. The Amalgamated union has members in other states. It is to the interest of these members that Philadelphia workers should be organized, as was proved by counsel for the employers when he quoted from The Advance, the official union organ, the following statement: "Philadelphia undersells New York because it overworks and underpays its employees." The union, in encouraging the Philadelphia strike, was conspiring to interrupt interstate commerce. It was deliberately trying to prevent degrading competition between Philadelphia and New York workers. It should therefore, it was argued, be forbidden to proceed, under the Sherman anti-trust law.

If the order should not be substantially modified, it commits the judiciary of the United States to a curious doctrine indeed. Any union of workers, attempting to improve their conditions and wages by striking, is likely to be adjudged in violation of the federal anti-trust laws, if what they make crosses state boundaries. Possibly a purely local union would escape. But if a labor organization, like the Amalgamated, pursues the intelligent policy of linking together the interests and loyalty of workers in a given industry throughout the nation, so that standards gained in one locality may not be undermined by sweat-shop conditions in another, it is a "trust," like the old Standard Oil. The universal application of this doctrine, if effective, would negate the existence of a national labor movement and true collective bargaining in most industries. It would condemn the workers to the lowest wage and the worst conditions an industry would afford under an uncontrolled labor market. There have been partial precedents for the Philadelphia ruling in the Bedford cut-stone case and in action against the United Mine Workers, but none in which the issue was quite clear.

The logical absurdity of dealing with a combination of labor which attempts to maintain decent standards, as if it were a combination of capital seeking swollen profits by monopolistic practices, is bad enough, but it pales beside the practical absurdity of the result. The injunction is not going to ruin the Amalgamated, nor will it, in all probability, interfere seriously with the progress of collective bargaining in Philadelphia. At the time of its issuance, the clothing workers were effectively organized in nearly all other important centers, and were conducting their relations with their employers in such a way that the whole industry benefited. The more intelligent and successful firms welcomed the coöperation of the union. In Philadelphia itself, which had long and stubbornly retained the "open shop," agreements had just been signed covering about 35 percent of the workers, and including the largest company in the market. The least intelligent and most reactionary employers then ran to the federal courts, seeking to use the power of the government as a last weapon in their anarchistic fight against industrial constitutionalism. But it is a foregone conclusion that sooner or later these very same firms will join hands with the union and continue to be successful under the regime which they now assert is a conspiracy against them. Indeed, former injunctions against the Amalgamated have been left high and dry by the negotiation of trade agreements between the union and the very employers who sought court aid, before the eventful legal status of the order was decided. A similar outcome is entirely possible in this case—one of the companies which petitioned for the order has already settled with the union. To be left in a situation of this sort, to be sought as a weapon against underpaid employees and then summarily cast aside, is not a dignified situation for a federal court to occupy. If individual judges can find no way to avoid interpreting the anti-trust laws as if they had been aimed against labor, the bill to be introduced in the next session of Congress, drastically limiting the use of anti-labor injunctions, should be passed with all possible speed.

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William Butler Yeats[1]

BORN in Dublin in 1865, William Butler Yeats was the son of a Pre-Raphaelite painter, who had given him, at "fifteen or sixteen," Rossetti and Blake to read. Yeats's earliest poems were Pre-Raphaelite and romantic: his long poem, "The Wanderings of Oisin" (1889), on a subject from Irish mythology, stains a kind of Shelleyan fluidity with a Keatsian richness of color. But, during the nineties, Yeats came under the influence of the French Symbolists: he had met Mallarmé in Paris; but it had been Arthur Symons who chiefly instructed him in the doctrines of Symbolism. "I think," he writes, "that Symons's translations from Mallarmé may have given elaborate form to my verses of those years, to the latter poems of 'The Wind among the Reeds', to 'The Shadowy Waters'." And he wrote enthusiastically of Symbolism as "the only movement that is saying new things." Yeats transplanted Symbolism to Ireland, where he made it flower with astonishing success.

But his Irish Symbolism had a special character—and as an Irishman, writing at the time of the revival of interest in Irish mythology and folk-lore, he had perhaps a special advantage. A poem like one of Yeats's most recent, "On a Picture of a Black Centaur," which begins,

> Your hooves have stamped at the black margin of the wood,
> Even where horrible green parrots call and swing—

is very much in the tradition of such a poem of Mallarmé's as,

> Je ne viens pas ce soir vaincre ton corps, ô bête
> En qui vont les péchés d'un peuple . . .

The parrots, the black centaur, etc., are merely, as it were, accidental images which, by an association of ideas, connect themselves with the poet's emotions. But where the French poets were obliged to depend almost exclusively upon such symbols, which tended to become more bewildering as they became more heterogeneous, Yeats found in Irish mythology, unfamiliar even to Irish readers, and in itself rather cloudy and vague, a treasury of symbols ready to his hand. The Danaan children, the Shadowy Horses and Fergus with his brazen cars—those mysterious and magical beings who have always haunted Yeats's verse—have little more objective reality than the images of Mallarmé: they are the elements and the moods of Yeats's complex sensibility. But they have the advantage of being interrelated, of constituting a world of which one can get the hang, where one can, to some extent, find one's way about.

Now, as we follow the development of Yeats's poetry, this world becomes less vague and iridescent. In "The Wind among the Reeds," which appeared in 1899, we still find "the flaming lute-thronged angelic door" and "the heaven's embroidered cloths—enwrought with golden and silver light" of the earlier Pre-Raphaelite Yeats. But some time about the beginning of the century, he tells us, he became dissatisfied with this early vein, and set out rigorously to eliminate from his style both romantic rhetoric and symbolistic mistiness.

The development of this later style seems to coincide with a disillusionment. The younger Yeats has lived much in fairyland: the heroes of his short stories and poems—Oisin, Red Hanrahan, the Man Who Dreamed of Fairyland—are always deserting the real world for the world of the Sidhe, the fairies. The real world is a sad unsatisfactory place: in one of the earliest of Yeats's poems, the fairies are made to say to the child they are carrying off:

> Come away, O human child!
> To the waters and the wild
> With a faery, hand in hand,
> For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

And in fairyland, the mortals dwell amid eternal love-making and laughter, dancing on lawns and strange music. The fairies are not, as they appear to us in some fairy-stories, merely smaller human beings like ourselves, possessed of special supernatural powers: they are a different order of beings altogether, existing, as it were, in different dimensions. This strangeness, this real otherworldliness of the fairyland of Yeats's poetry, derives partly, no doubt, it would appear from Yeats's fascinating anthology of Irish fairy-tales, from Irish folk-lore itself. It was something which had already been created by the dreaming and mocking Irish mind amid the uncertain and illusory lights and mists of the Irish countryside. But Yeats has made of this Irish fairyland something which puts upon us a stronger spell than the spell of an ordinary fairy-tale. Yeats's fairyland has become a symbol for the imagination itself. The world of the imagination is shown us in Yeats's early poetry as something infinitely delightful, infinitely seductive, as something to which one becomes addicted, with which one becomes delirious and drunken—and as something which is somehow incompatible with, and

[1] This article and those that follow in the same series are intended to be read as following upon the "Preface to Modern Literature," which appeared in the book supplement of March 20, 1929.

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fatal to, the good life of that actual world which is so full of weeping and from which it rescues us. There is nothing sinister about the Sidhe in themselves: they are non-moral and relieved of mortal cares; for them, there is not even time; and from our human point of view, their fairy point of view is unseizable. But to the mortal who has lived among the fairies, who has lost the sense of human laws in their world, the consequences may be terrible—for he has preferred something else to life—he has escaped the responsibilities of life and he must fail of its satisfactions. The Man Who Dreamed of Fairyland, in one of the most beautiful of Yeats's early poems, had

> . . . stood among a crowd at Drumahair;
> His heart hung all upon a silken dress,
> And he had known at last some tenderness,
> Before Earth made of him her sleepy care;
> But when a man poured fish into a pile,
> It seemed they raised their little silver heads,
> And sang how day a Druid twilight sheds
> Upon a dim, green, well-beloved isle,
> Where people love beside star-laden seas;
> How Time may never mar their faery vows
> Under the woven roofs of quicken boughs:
> The singing shook him out of his new ease.
>
> He wandered by the sands of Lisadill;
> His mind ran all on money cares and fears,
> And he had known at last some prudent years
> Before they heaped his grave under the hill;
> But while he passed before a plashy place,
> A lug-worm with its gray and muddy mouth
> Sang how somewhere to north or west or south,
> There dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race;
> And how beneath those three times blessed skies
> A Danaan fruitage makes a shower of moons,
> And as it falls awakens leafy tunes:
> And at that singing he was no more wise.

And so with all our human needs and passions: we are told that, even when the man who dreamed of fairyland was dead, he "found no comfort in the grave." So in another poem, the "Happy Townland" where "boughs have their fruit and blossom at all times of the year," where "rivers are running over with red beer and brown beer" and where "queens, their eyes blue like the ice, are dancing in a crowd," is fatally "the world's bane."

In the prose stories of Yeats's early period, this fairyland appears under its real aspect as the life of revery and imagination—and of solitude. The narrator of "Rose Alchemica" shuts himself up in a house, where tapestries, "full of the blue and bronze of peacocks . . . shut out all history and activity untouched with beauty and peace," and where he is able to find in "antique bronze gods and goddesses . . . all a pagan's delight in various beauty . . . without his terror at sleepless destiny and his labor with many sacrifices." Another solitary, Michael Robartes, lives on the lonely Irish coast, in a house which he calls "the Temple of the Alchemical Rose" and where by night the immortal spirits of beautiful dead men and women from Egypt and from Greece come to dance in a mosaic-lined room, with an immense rose in mosaic on the ceiling. And as we read these early stories of Yeats, we become aware that we are revisiting the world of Huysmans and of Walter Pater: we realize that Yeats's fairyland has been itself one of the imaginary domains of the *fin du siècle* mind, like Pater's Renaissance, like Des Esseinte's extraordinary house, with its blinds always closed and its artificial light by day. "We looked consciously to Pater for our philosophy," he wrote of himself and his companions at this time. But just as Yeats's poems show the spell of fairyland as something inimical to life in the real world, so these stories of the life of ecstatic revery, unlike the typical writings of the *fin du siècle* esthetes, are edged with a consciousness of dangers and temptations inescapably involved in such a life. In Yeats, we find the estheticism of Pater carried through to its consequences. What *is* the consequence of living for beauty, as beauty was then understood, of cultivating the imagination, the enjoyment of esthetic sensations, as a supreme end in itself? What will be the result of attempting to attain such a state of mind as Pater has described in his conclusion to "The Renaissance" or in his description of the Mona Lisa? The result will be to throw us out of key with reality—we shall incur penalties which are not to be taken lightly. There is a conflict here which cannot be evaded; and Yeats, even in his earliest period, is sharply aware of this conflict. But still he prefers to dwell most of the time in fairyland—among the dancers of the Alchemical Temple. He would even transport his human love, his human passion, into the climate of that immortal world, where nothing that is ugly jars and where nothing that is beautiful fades:

> All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
> The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
> The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould,
> Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.
> The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
> I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,
> With the earth and the sky and the water, remade, like a casket of gold
> For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.

But now, in the period inaugurated by "The Green Helmet," published in 1912, the balance is to dip on the other side. He has paid the penalties of escaping to fairyland, and the memory of them is bitter: he still champions, he still puts above everything, the splendor and nobility of the imagination; but he must face life's hard conditions. And the

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consciousness of inexorable limits has brought his art to a sharper focus—the unbinding of "youth's dreamy load" has made him a better poet. No longer hoping, it would seem, for any victory except the triumph of imagination through art, he applies to poetry all the vigor of his intellect and the energy of his passion. He would reduce his verse to something definite and hard—at the same time, more severe and more intense. The soap-bubble colors vanish; the music of fairyland dies away; and there is left only, as it were, the outline of "cold Clare rock and Galway rock and thorn," unmistakably earthly and clear.

In a poem which is at once a description of this style and a fine example of it, he tells how

> Maybe a twelvemonth since
> Suddenly I began
> In scorn of this audience
> Imagining a man,
> And his sun-freckled face,
> And gray Connemara cloth,
> Climbing up to a place
> Where stone is dark under froth,
> And the down turn of his wrist
> When the flies drop in the stream:
> A man who does not exist,
> A man who is but a dream;
> And cried, "Before I am old
> I shall have written him one
> Poem maybe as cold
> And passionate as the dawn."

Yeats inhabits, in this phase, a world of pure intense emotions expressed in hard fine images. His words, no matter how prosaic, are always somehow luminous and noble, as if pale pebbles smoothed by the sea were to take on some mysterious value and become more precious than jewels or gold. Yeats is less prodigal now of symbols and names, and his symbols have a new austerity:

> I call to the eye of the mind
> A well long choked up and dry
> And boughs long stripped by the wind,
> And I call to the mind's eye
> Pallor of an ivory face,
> Its lofty dissolute air,
> A man climbing up to a place
> The salt sea wind has swept bare.

When he returns to the heroic world of Irish mythology, he describes it with a new homeliness of detail. And more and more steadily he fixes his attention upon the actual world about him. He has come to desire above everything, as he says in another part of the poem about the fisherman,

> To write for my own race
> And for the reality.

And again, in another poem:

> Through all the lying days of my youth
> I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
> Now I may wither into the truth.

He finds his subjects principally in the events of his own life and in the public affairs of Ireland. And he succeeds in dignifying such subjects, as perhaps no other contemporary poet has done, at the same time that he never ceases to deal with them without sentimentality and in the plainest language. He can even challenge comparison with Dante—whom he now describes as "the chief imagination of Christendom"—by his ability to sustain a grand manner through sheer intensity without romantic rhetoric. He has, indeed, assumed a kind of Dantesque mask. How he suggests the compactness and point of Dante's two- or three-line allusions in such a passage as,

> Traders or soldiers who have left me blood
> That has not passed through any huxter's loin,
> Pardon, and you that did not weigh the cost,
> Old Butlers when you took to horse and stood
> Beside the brackish waters of the Boyne
> Till your bad master blenched and all was lost.

and Dante's epigrammatic bitterness in,

> Why should I blame her that she filled my days
> With misery, or that she would of late
> Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
> Or hurled the little streets against the great,
> Had they but courage equal to desire?

And he has also a Dantesque exaltation—an exaltation no longer the opium dream of fairyland, but such as life has to offer within its limits: the admiration for ancestor or friend, the pride in honor kept or work well done, the memory of early love:

> And what of her that took
> All till my youth was gone
> With scarce a pitying look?
> How should I praise that one?
> When day begins to break
> I count my good and bad,
> Being wakeful for her sake,
> Remembering what she had,
> What eagle look still shows,
> While up from my heart's root
> So great a sweetness flows
> I shake from head to foot.

Early love, whose travail and frustration have at last forced the dweller among the Sidhe to enter our human life, still burns behind all that he writes: we perhaps owe to it that peculiar combination of idealism with actuality which is characteristic of the later Yeats.

II

Yeats is today without question, I suppose, the greatest living poet writing English, and perhaps one of the great poets of Europe. No one else, at any rate, in our time, has dealt so successfully with such a variety of experience. And no other writer of English has maintained the poet's grand manner

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so nobly and with so little effect of artificiality. This is a rare phenomenon in our modern society: the traditional dignity and distinction of the poet are peculiarly difficult under democratic conditions and in a world where the ascendancy of scientific ideas has made man conscious of his kinship with the other animals, and of his subjection to biological and physical laws rather than of his relation to the gods. And it is true that Yeats's poetic role has not been sustained without a certain effort. It was easy for the lyric poet, from Wyatt's age to Waller's, to express himself both directly and elegantly, because he was a courtier, or, in any case, a member of a comparatively small class of educated people, whose speech combined the candor and naturalness of conversation among equals with the grace of a courtly society; but the modern poet who would follow this tradition, and who would yet deal with any wide field of experience, must create for himself a special personality, must maintain a state of mind which shall shut out, or remain indifferent to, many of the aspects of the world in which he lives. This necessity accounts partly, I suppose, for Yeats's preoccupation in his prose writings with what he calls the Mask or Anti-Self, a sort of imaginary personality, quite antagonistic to other elements of one's nature, which the poet must impose upon himself—a principle which it is rather difficult to imagine, for example, Donne, whom Yeats greatly admires and whose tone he sometimes recalls, deliberately formulating. In Yeats's prose writings, we find, at any rate, a remarkably honest and illuminating account of the difficulties of becoming a great poet during the period in which we live.

Yeats seems to be conscious from the first of an antagonism between the actual world of industry, politics and science, on the one hand, and the imaginative poetic life, on the other. He tells us, in his autobiography, what a vital issue seemed to have been raised for him, in his boyhood, by the then popular and novel realism of Bastien-Lepage and Carolus Durand as against the mysticism of the Pre-Raphaelite painters. Bastien-Lepage's "clownish peasant staring with vacant eyes at her great boots," represented already to the young Yeats that naturalistic, scientific vision which contradicted and warred with his own. And he takes up from the beginning, in his criticism, a clear position in respect to Naturalism: he will stand apart from the democratic, the scientific, modern world—his poetic life shall be independent of it; his art shall owe nothing to its methods. His principles in literature are those of the French Symbolists, but Yeats defends them with more vigor and completeness than they have perhaps ever yet been defended in France—he gives them a wider philosophical significance.

"There is," he asserts in his early essay on the symbolism of Shelley,

> for every man some one scene, some one adventure, some one picture, that is the image of his secret life, for wisdom first speaks in images and . . . this one image, if he would but brood over it his whole life long, would lead his soul, disentangled from unmeaning circumstance and the ebb and flow of the world, into that far household, where the undying gods await all whose souls have become simple as flame, whose bodies have become quiet as an agate lamp.

All great literature, says Yeats, is created out of symbols: observations and statistics mean nothing: works of art which depend upon them can have no enduring value. "There is something," he says,

> of an old wives' tale in fine literature. The makers of it are like an old peasant telling stories of the great famine or the hangings of '98 or from his own memories. He has felt something in the depth of his mind and he wants to make it as visible and powerful to our senses as possible. He will use the most extravagant words or illustrations if they will suit his purpose. Or he will invent a wild parable, and the more his mind is on fire or the more creative it is, the less will he look at the outer world or value it for its own sake. It gives him metaphors and examples, and that is all. He is even a little scornful of it, for it seems to him while the fit is on that the fire has gone out of it and left it but white ashes. I cannot explain it, but I am certain that every high thing was invented in this way, between sleeping and waking, as it were, and that peering and peeping persons are but hawkers of stolen goods. How else could their noses have grown so ravenous or their eyes so sharp?

And, in all his activity as playwright and journalist, in connection with the Abbey Theater, Yeats is leading a reaction against Naturalism. This reaction which, by way of Germany and under the name of Expressionism, has become so much more pronounced in our own time, had not, at the time of the founding of the Abbey Theater, manifested itself very vigorously on the Continent. Symbolism did not yet play in the theater the role that it was playing in poetry. Yet its seeds had already sprouted here and there. August Strindberg, returning from Paris to Sweden, wrote between 1899 and 1902 the symbolistic "To Damascus" and "Dream Play," the prototypes of the German expressionistic drama; and Maeterlinck, with vague, pale and suave images, instead of vivid, picturesque and discordant ones, had created quite a little theater of Symbolism. Now Yeats, in his own plays, has produced a theater somewhat similar to Maeterlinck's. The creation of a greater poet, equipped with a richer and more solid mythology, these plays take place in the same sort of twilit world, where the characters are less often persons than disembodied broodings and longings. Yeats's plays have little dramatic importance, because Yeats himself has little sense of drama, and we think of them primarily as a department of his poetry, with the same sort of interest and beauty as the rest. But Yeats, the director and propagandist of the Abbey Theater, has considerable importance in the history of modern drama. The Abbey Theater itself, of recent years, with the Gorky-Chekhovesque

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plays of Sean O'Casey, has taken a naturalistic turn which Yeats never contemplated or desired and from which he has publicly dissociated himself; but his long and uncompromising campaign for a revival of poetic drama has had its effect upon our contemporary efforts to break up the rigidities of Naturalism. Yeats's greatest contribution to the drama has been, not his own plays, but those of Synge, whom, in 1896, he discovered in Paris and whom he induced to return to Ireland. Synge succeeded, on a small scale, before he died, in creating for the Abbey Theater perhaps the most authentic example of poetic drama which the modern stage has seen.

Yeats, at this period, the period of the founding and the first battles of the Abbey Theater, is both active and effective. There has always been more of the public figure, even more of the pugnacious Irishman, in him than his philosophy invites us to believe. But this philosophy makes a definite opposition between, on the one hand, the recovery and contemplation of the precious symbol, which, "if he [the poet] would but brood over it his whole life long, would lead his soul, disentangled from unmeaning circumstance and the ebb and flow of the world," into the presence of the gods—and, on the other hand, the life of action, of practical self-assertion. Yeats recurs, at this period, again and again to the necessity of abstaining from the exercise of the will: "Every visionary knows that the mind's eye soon comes to see a capricious and variable world, which the will cannot shape or change, though it can call it up and banish it again"; "We must find some place upon the Tree of Life for the Phoenix nest, for the passion that is exaltation and the negation of the will"; the style of the dialogue in Synge's plays "blurs definition, clear edges, everything that comes from the will, it turns imagination from all that is of the present, like a gold background in a religious picture, and it strengthens in every emotion whatever comes to it from far off, from brooding memory and dangerous hope," etc.

For the rest, Yeats's prose, in its beginnings, when he is most under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites and Pater, is a little self-consciously archaic—it has a Renaissance elaborateness and pomposity; and it is a little too close to the language of poetry—the meaning is often clotted by metaphor. But Yeats's prose, like his verse, has, with time, been subjected to a rigorous discipline and has undergone a transformation. Yeats is today a master of prose as well as a great poet. He is already magnificent in his intermediate period—the period of "Per Amica Silentia Lunæ" (1917).

> We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry. Unlike the rhetoricians, who get a confident voice from remembering the crowd they have won or may win, we sing amid our uncertainty; and, smitten even in the presence of the most high beauty by the knowledge of our solitude, our rhythm shudders. I think, too, that no fine poet, no matter how disordered his life, has ever, even in his mere life, had pleasure for his end. Johnson and Dowson, friends of my youth, were dissipated men, the one a drunkard, the other a drunkard and mad about women, and yet they had the gravity of men who had found life out and were awakening from the dream; and both, one in life and art and one in art and less in life, had a continual preoccupation with religion. Nor has any poet I have read of or heard of or met with been a sentimentalist. The other self, the anti-self or the antithetical self, as one may choose to name it, comes but to those who are no longer deceived, whose passion is reality. The sentimentalists are practical men who believe in money, in position, in a marriage bell, and whose understanding of happiness is to be so busy whether at work or at play, that all is forgotten but the momentary aim. They find their pleasure in a cup that is filled from Lethe's wharf, and for the awakening, for the vision, for the revelation of reality, tradition offers us a different word—ecstasy.

But this is perhaps a little too magnificent, still a little too much like poetry. In his autobiography, "The Trembling of the Veil" (1922), named from a phrase in one of Mallarmé's essays, Yeats has achieved a combination of grandeur with a certain pungency and homeliness which recalls the writers of the seventeenth century rather than the writers of the Renaissance. His prose seems the production of a dying loomcraft, already brought to perfection in the days before mechanical manufacture. A good prose style in English today is likely to make on us an impression of sound intellectual currency, clipped out by a sharp cutter and stamped by a solvent mint; Bernard Shaw and T. S. Eliot, however else they may differ, have this characteristic in common. Of Samuel Butler, Yeats has written that he was "the first Englishman to make the discovery that it is possible to write with great effect without music, without style, either good or bad, to eliminate from the mind all emotional implication and to prefer plain water to every vintage, so much metropolitan lead and solder to any tendril of the vine." The style of the seventeenth century, on the other hand—the style of Donne's sermons or Dryden's prefaces—is an easy and elegant garment which molds itself to the natural outlines of the author's temperament and mind. Yeats has something of this elegance and ease, and he has also a kind of modern terseness and a trick of unexpected juxtapositions which reveal, in a very modern fashion, relations of which we had not been aware—"He had been almost poor," writes Yeats of Wilde in the period before his disaster, "and now, his head full of Flaubert, found himself with ten thousand a year"—or which effect almost startling transitions from the particular to the general and back again. He has become a critic now, not merely of literature, but of human life in general: compare the passage on Johnson and Dowson which I have quoted above, from "Per Amica Silentia Lunæ," with the realistic and subtle analysis of the causes for the break-up of that "tragic generation."

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III

Yeats shows himself, in his prose writings, a profound critic of men and society. But, for all the variety of his interests and the versatility of his intelligence, he has, in rejecting the methods of modern science, cut himself off in a curious way from the general enlightened thought of his time. Yet his mind is so comprehensive and so vigorous that he has felt the need of constructing a system: and, finding it impossible to admit the assumptions upon which most modern systems are based, he has had recourse to the only science which his position has allowed him to accept, the obsolete science of Astrology. As a young man, he frequented clairvoyants and students of Astrology and Magic. Madame Blavatsky, the necromantic Theosophist, seems to have made upon him a considerable impression. Yeats formulated in an essay on Magic, written in 1901, the following set of beliefs, to which he apparently still adheres:

> (1) That the borders of our mind are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy.
>
> (2) That the borders of our memories are as shifting, and that our memories are a part of one great memory, the memory of Nature herself.
>
> (3) That this great mind and great memory can be evoked by symbols.

What Yeats was really approaching here was some such systematic study of the symbolism of myths, trances, dreams and other human visions as psychoanalysis and anthropology were attempting from a different direction. And despite the obvious charlatanism or naïveté of most of his instructors and fellow investigators, Yeats's account of his researches is interesting. For it is not merely that Yeats loves the marvelous: he is intent upon discovering symbols which shall represent the elements of his own nature or which shall have some sort of universal significance. The results of this research are very curious. When we read Yeats's account of his adventures among the mediums, it becomes plain that, in spite of his repudiation of science, he is unable, none the less, to evade leaving himself a margin of scientific doubt. Like Huysmans, he betrays an instinct to scrutinize and check up on the supernatural which is disastrous to genuine mysticism. Just as in Huysmans' case, we always feel that the wistful student of Satanism has too much solid Dutch common sense really to deceive himself for a moment about his devils, so in Yeats—he himself has confessed it—the romantic amateur of Magic is always accompanied and restrained by the educated modern man. "He and I often quarrelled," Yeats writes of himself and A. E., "because I wanted him to examine and question his visions, and write them out as they occurred; and still more because I thought symbolic what he thought real like the men and women that had passed him on the road." Yet Huysmans went so far as to claim—or at least make one of his characters claim—as genuine examples of demoniacal possession those very hysteria cases of Charcot's which at that moment were leading Charcot's young pupil Freud to his first great discovery of the principle of emotional repression; and Yeats attributes to a sort of supernatural being designated as "Anima Mundi" precisely such universal symbols as are studied by modern psychology. What is most astonishing is that he has at last constructed out of these symbols an elaborate mystical-metaphysical system.

This system was set forth in "A Vision," a work which occupied Yeats for many years and which he published privately in 1926. I have recently described this book in The New Republic (January 16, 1929), but since I wrote my article, Yeats has published another book which throws new light upon "A Vision," and makes it appear under rather a different aspect. "A Vision" presented a complicated theory of the variation of human personality, of the vicissitudes of human history and of the transformations of the soul in this world and the next. This theory was worked out with geometrical diagrams and set forth in terms of such unfamiliar conceptions as *daimons, tinctures, cones, gyres, husks* and *passionate bodies;* and I pointed out, in writing about it, the ambiguity of Yeats's own attitude toward his system. In expounding it, he writes about it as if he took it seriously—that is, as if he believed that *masks* and *husks* and *daimons* and *passionate bodies* were things which actually existed, as if they were as real as those visions of A. E. which had been as real to A. E. as the people in the street, but which Yeats had tried to induce him to question; and indeed one would think that to elaborate a mystical system so abstract, so complicated and so tedious, one would have to believe in it pretty strongly. Yet now and then the skeptical Yeats reasserts himself and we are startled by an unexpected suggestion that, after all, the whole thing may be merely "a background for my thought, a painted scene."

In "A Packet for Ezra Pound" (1929), we learn that Yeats's wife is a medium, and that the theories set forth in "A Vision" were communicated through her by supernatural beings. Yeats tells us how, four days after their marriage in 1917, Mrs. Yeats surprised him by attempting automatic writing.

> What came in disjointed sentences, in almost illegible writing, was so exciting, sometimes so profound, that I persuaded her to give an hour or two day after day to the unknown writer, and after some half-dozen such hours offered to spend what remained of life explaining and piecing together those scattered sentences. "No," was the answer, "we have come to give you metaphors for poetry." The unknown writer took his theme at first from my just published "Per Amica Silentia Lunæ." I had made a distinction between the perfection that is from a man's combat with himself and that which is from a combat with circum-

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> stances, and upon this simple distinction he built up an elaborate classification of men according to their more or less complete expression of one type or the other. He supported his classification by a series of geometrical symbols and put these symbols in an order that answered the question in my essay as to whether some prophet could not prick upon the calendar the birth of a Napoleon or a Christ.

Yeats tells of the manifestations which accompanied these revelations: the perfumes, whistlings, smells of burnt feathers, bursts of music, apparitions of great black birds and of "persons in clothes of the late sixteenth century and of the late seventeenth." On one occasion, when an owl was hooting in the garden, the dictating spirit asked for a recess: "Sounds like that," the spirit explained, "give us great pleasure." And there were also mischievous obstructive spirits who attempted to mislead the Yeatses and who were designated as "Frustrators"; "the automatic script would deteriorate, grow sentimental or confused, and when I pointed this out the communicator would say 'from such and such an hour, on such and such a day, all is frustration.' I would spread out the script and he would cross all out back to the answer that began it, but had I not divined frustration he would have said nothing."

We learn also, by the way, a fact which might, for a psychologist, throw a good deal of light on the development of Yeats's temperament and mind. It appears that not only has Yeats never read science: he has never until recently read philosophy.

> Apart from two or three of the principal Platonic Dialogues I knew no philosophy. Arguments with my father, whose convictions had been formed by John Stuart Mill's attack upon Sir William Hamilton, had destroyed my confidence and driven me from speculation to the direct experience of the Mystics. I had once known Blake as thoroughly as his unfinished confused Prophetic Books permitted, and I had read Swedenborg and Boehme, and my initiation into the "Hermetic Students" had filled my head with Cabalistic imagery.

Now, however, Yeats thinks of turning to philosophy as an aid to the study of the "system." The spirits request him to wait until they have finished. When, after three years, their exposition is ended, and "A Vision" is actually in proof, Yeats takes down from Mrs. Yeats, who, it appears, did not share Yeats's ignorance, a list of the philosophers she had read. For four years, he applies himself to philosophy, and what he finds makes him uneasy about "A Vision": he believes that he has partially misinterpreted the revelations. But the spirits intervene again: they make him stop his philosophic studies.

As we read all this, we say to ourselves that Yeats, as he has grown older, has grown more credulous. But we come, at the end, to the following passage: "Some will ask if I believe all that this book contains, and I will not know how to answer. Does the word belief, used as they will use it, belong to our age, can I think of the world as there and I here judging it?" And he intimates that, after all, his system may be only a set of symbols like another.

Into the personal situation indicated in Yeats's account of his revelations, it is inappropriate and unnecessary to go: the psychological situation seems plain. When Yeats, at the crucial period of his life, attempted to leave fairyland behind, when he became aware of the unsatisfying character of the life of pure dreams, when he so completely recreated his style as to make it solid, prosaic and exact where it had formerly been vague, florid and rhetorical—the need for dwelling with part of his mind—or with his mind for part of the time—in a world of pure imagination, where the necessities of the real world do not hold, had not been destroyed by the new phase into which he had passed. Where the early Yeats studied Irish folk-lore, collected and sorted Irish fairy tales, the later Yeats has worked out the twenty-eight phases of the human personality and the transformations of the soul after death, from the mediumistic communications of his wife. Yeats's sense of reality today is inferior to that of no man alive—indeed, his greatness is partly due precisely to the vividness of that sense. In his poetry, in his criticism and in his memoirs, it is the world we all live in with which we are confronted—the world we know, wth all its frustrations, its defeats, its antagonisms and its errors—and the mind which sees it, the heart which feels, are neither naïve nor dispassionate ones. They touch reality at every point, but they have phases when we are amazed to find that they do not seem to touch it at any. Yet the scientific criticism of supernatural phenomena is actually as much a part of the reality of Yeats's world as it is of that of most of the rest of us. And when he writes of his supernatural experiences, this criticism is always present—Yeats's realistic sense is too strong, his intellectual integrity too high, to leave it out of the picture. Though he dwells much in this world of fantastic imaginings, though he no doubt needs its support to enable him to sustain the role of a great poet—when he comes to write about his spirits and their messages, he cannot help letting us see them in their true character. He believes, but—he does not believe: the impossibility of believing is the impossibility which he accepts most reluctantly, but still it is there with the other impossibilities of this world which is too full of weeping for a child to understand.

IV

And, in the meantime, the poet Yeats has passed into a sort of third phase, in which he is closer to the common world than at any previous period. He is no longer quite so haughty, so imperturbably astride his high horse, as during his middle Dantesque period. With the Dantesque mask, he has lost something of intensity and something of sharpness of outline. In "The Tower" (1928), certain

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words such as "bitter," "wild," and "fierce," which he was able, in his middle period, to use with such thrilling effect, have no longer the same force. He writes more loosely, and seems to write more easily. He has become more plain-spoken, more humorous, more preoccupied with frankly human satisfactions and chagrins: he is sometimes harsh, sometimes sensual, sometimes coarse.

Though he now inhabits, like Michael Robartes, a lonely dwelling—an ancient tower—on the outermost Irish coast, he spends six years in the Irish senate, presides at official receptions in a silk hat, inspects the plumbing of the government schools and conscientiously sits through all the movies which it is his official duty to censor. He is much occupied with politics and society, with general reflections on human life—but with the wisdom of the experience of a lifetime, he is passionate even in age. And he writes poems which charge with the emotion of a great lyric poet that profound and subtle criticism of life of which I have spoken in connection with his prose writings.

We may take, as an example of Yeats's later vein, the fine poem in "The Tower" called "Among School Children." The poet, now "a sixty year old smiling public man," has paid an official visit to a girls' school kept by nuns; and as he gazes at the children, he remembers how the woman he had loved had told him once of some "harsh reproof or trivial event," which had changed "some childish day to tragedy." And for a moment the thought that she may once have looked like one of the children before him has revived the excitement of his old love. He remembers the woman in all her young beauty—and thinks of himself with his present sixty years—"a comfortable kind of old scarecrow." What use is philosophy now?—is not all beauty bound up with the body and doomed to decay with it?—is not even the divine beauty itself which is worshipped there by the nuns inseparable from the images of it they adore?

> Labor is blossoming or dancing where
> The body is not bruised to pleasure soul,
> Nor beauty born out of its own despair,
> Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil.
> O chestnut tree, great rooted blossomer,
> Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
> O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
> How can we know the dancer from the dance?

Here, the actual scene in the convent, the personal emotions which it inspires and the general speculations which these emotions suggest, have been interwoven and made to play upon each other at the same time that they are kept separate and distinct. A complex subject has been treated in the most concentrated form, and yet without confusion. Perceptions, fancies, feelings and thoughts have all their place in the poet's record: it is a moment of human life, masterfully seized and made permanent, in all its nobility and lameness, mystery and actuality, direct personal contact and abstraction.

EDMUND WILSON.

Above the Battle

Higher than hate, and the abused
Stiff bodies of men, and the stiff
Walk, close to the ground, of men not just;
Higher, yes, than the uppermost whipped head,
  Than the stiff elbow of the whipper;
High in the unseen air a tree starts waving—
Waving alone, and it says to itself:
                I know.
Longer, yes, than the uppermost man remembers,
Longer ago than the eyes laid deepest away,
Longer ago than justice, there were trees.
The face of the world was water, and the hair—
Silk at the edge of salt—was waving trees;
But not like these.

> In a slow wind
> They rose and fell,
> Laying them down
> To sleep so well
> That, standing to look,
> They still would sway
> In the bent wind,
> In the curved day.
> With a slant wind
> They fell and rose,
> Slowly, slowly,
> And never a close
> Of the circle of soft
> Unended motion—
> Silk at the salt
> Stiff edge of ocean.

The low grass at our feet was a forest too;
The wind in it was a snake with indolent folds.
The wind in us was the word the white sky sang,
Sending no more than one slow syllable down. . . .
  All of them now are dead, and none remembers.
Not even a root remembers; but I know.
I know what none of the men there huddle and cry.

> The salt came,
> And talking sand,
> And north snow,
> And man's hand,
> And my slim fathers
> Fled and stood
> In a coarse fear,
> In a loud wood.
> We straightly rise,
> We stiffly fall.
> We do not listen
> If men call
> On ignorant winds
> To set love right.
> That was our day.
> This is our night.

MARK VAN DOREN.

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The New Conscription

PRESIDENT Hoover's rebuff to military expansion seems merely to have whetted the appetite of the enthusiasts for war. The frequency of disarmament conferences between unpatriotic nations and the dullness of peace pacts only inspire them to quicken their drum beat and polish their buttons. In the past decade, while wicked internationalists were equipping the public with peace arguments, the militarists have staged handsome shows and bribed the citizenry to come and play at war with them. So delightful have they made their inducements—and so effectively have they soft-pedalled their inconveniences—that they have "sold" part-time uniforms to some 600,000 persons.

This military census does not include the regular army, but the would-be's and has-beens in the quest of glory. Besides the full-time uniform wearers, we have the National Guard; the last War's left-overs, known as the Reserve Officers; their potential successors, the members of the Reserve Officers Training Corps; the beneficiaries of the Citizens' Military Training Camps; and the performers in Uncle Sam's Rifle Clubs. All of these good little sheep, whom we shall examine more closely later on, have been bribed, entertained, or bamboozled in some way to set them marching.

The permission to organize this army of citizens was the sop Congress offered the military group during the war hysteria: it is known as the National Defense Act of 1916 and 1920. Although the Act is the greatest war offering in our history, the patriots are still clamoring. They are now picketing the Capitol corridors for a universal draft bill to replace the one that died with the Armistice. To be sure, they don't call it Universal Draft; they have given it the much more attractive name of "Selective Service." To catch the peace-loving public, such slogans as "Abolish War Profiteering" and "Draft Dollars as well as Man-Power" are used to advertise bills that would do nothing of the kind. Let us examine those that are before Congress now, one of which will certainly be pushed in the fall.

The oldest is the Capper-Johnson Bill, revived by the American Legion after each slight by the congressional committee. It empowers the President, upon a declaration of war by Congress, to draft all male citizens between the ages of eighteen and thirty, or whatever limits he fixes, into "the service of the United States." It further authorizes him, when war is only "imminent," to take over the control of all industries and services, whose prices and wages are fixed by appointed agencies. In other words, a President may put all mines, factories, railroads, banks, colleges, and whatever "services are necessary to the successful termination of the emergency," including all workers therein, under martial law. He, or his delegates, would determine the size of wages and profits. "It is a slavery," said Congressman Huddleston, "in which the master is not required to own the slave and has not the incentive of selfish interest in his welfare." It would transform our President, who might not always be a sage, into a dictator, besides whom the former Kaiser and Tsar would appear handcuffed.

Apparently there is only one thing the bill would not enable the omnipotent President to do: to conscript wealth. Although the hearing on it is glowingly titled "Conscription of Man Power, Wealth, and Industrial Resources in Time of War," does the fixing of prices by dollar-a-year men guarantee the impoverishment of capitalists? Dollar-a-year men aren't always honest, or even wise. If this bill threatened to conscript their capital, would the capitalists be likely to support it? Yet they do. The bill would certainly draft labor, but as for capital, isn't it rather idealistic of the military group to provide for Justice in time of war when Big Production will be necessary?

The Legionnaires, of course, do not realize that they are being hoodwinked. At their annual conventions, they are told that capital and labor are to be conscripted, and since few people want to spend time actually reading bills, they accept the information with a cheer. But the heads of the Legion know. At a hearing on the bill last year, Past Commander Spafford admitted the legend. The colloquy between him and his questioners follows:

> MR. JAMES: How are you going to draft capital under your bill?
>
> MR. SPAFFORD: You cannot draft capital; you know that.
>
> MR. GARRETT: Why?
>
> MR. SPAFFORD: The Constitution of the United States says that you cannot take a man's property without compensation. It would be making us into a United States of Soviet America instead of the United States of America.

In spite of this admission, the rank and file of the Legion are still campaigning for a measure that will "take dollars as well as men." They frown on the second Universal Draft Bill, popularly known as the War Department Bill, which does not pretend to do this.

The War Department Bill was slipped over on Secretary Good by the General Staff, just a few days after his induction into office. Unfortunately, it was not waylaid by President Hoover, and Con-

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gressman James threw it into the basket "by request." It proposes an annual registration day or days, designated by the President, on which all male citizens between eighteen and forty-five would sign up. It authorizes the President to create draft boards in peace-time to classify the registrants. It provides for the punishment of objectors, and the exemption of those whose occupations the President "deems essential to the public interest."

The purpose of this bill, of course, is to have every man on his toes when the war siren shrieks. Furthermore, by empowering the President to conscript any registrant into service when he thinks the "national interest" requires, the bill would provide useful means for suppressing strikes. Even the reactionary Chicago Tribune wrote of it: "There is much to be said for leaving the problem of fighting the next war to the generation that has to fight it."

Since they can't get the Capper-Johnson Bill, and don't like the War Department Bill, the Legion has had to fall back on a third. This is the Reed-Wainwright measure, for whose enactment Congress will be plied in the fall. Not that the Reed-Wainwright Bill is as gratifying to the Legion as the Capper-Johnson. For this one merely creates a commission to draft legislation, which will "take the profits out of war and require equal service of all." The commission would be composed of the Secretaries of War, Navy, Commerce, Labor and Agriculture, besides four Congressmen, four Senators, and five unofficial persons to be appointed by the President. The commission probably could not do so well by the patriots as the Capper-Johnson Bill, but its existence would at least serve as a public reminder of the next war.

This is precisely what disturbs labor and the ungrateful pacifists. Why, they ask so innocently, talk of making war fair, when we have just decided to renounce war altogether? But such naïveté will not deter the Legion. As soon as Congress convenes, the Legion will lobby for some war measure —to promote peace, of course. No peace prattle can weaken them. Last winter, when the pacifists pushed the Pact at the same time that the Legion worked for cruisers, Senator Neely of West Virginia received 2,000 letters urging the cruisers before he got three advocating the Pact. Lobbying is an art.

Now let us see how the men in armor are rounding up the citizenry. Something of an alliance has been formed between the office of the Assistant Secretary of War and some 14,000 to 20,000 manufacturers throughout the country, who have been awarded tentative contracts, to go into effect on a wire from the War Department. The National Defense Act created the Assistant Secretary of War to work out this plan, which is called procurement. To give it more than a paper significance, the Morin Educational Order Bill—notice the elevating title—was introduced, permitting the government to place small "educational" orders with these factories, just to give them a start and a kernel for expansion. But the bill was held up, on unanimous consent, by Congressman LaGuardia, and strategically defeated. Score one for the pacifists.

In building up a Citizens' Army, the military enthusiasts, once more through the National Defense Act, federalized the state militia. No longer divided into states, our country now consists of a combination of corps areas, with at least one division of the state militia or National Guard in each. Paying these part-time soldiers two and three dollars per drill, according to their rank, and sending them to camp in the summer, the War Department is now keeping 200,000 of them in cigarette money.

The Reserve Officers' organization is the next great division of the Citizens' Army. Veteran officers of the World War, they were organized by the military group to advertise the service. "Have you chosen a Mantleman?" (a successor) was the slogan they used in the last campaign to drum up patrons for the C. M. T. C.'s. Recognizing their force, the chairman of the House committee on military appropriations, in 1927, said: "It is the purpose of this committee to be as fair as we can in the consideration of Organized Reserve items, but I do object to the systematic pressure that is brought upon this committee and upon Members of Congress year after year for this purpose. I think it sets a very bad precedent, and one that is liable to grow into a very vicious system if it is permitted to continue."

Unfortunately, the Reserve Officers are not immortal, and so the National Defense Act provided for their successors, by authorizing the military invasion of our schools and colleges. The R. O. T. C. units that have already been established turn out 7,000 Reserve Officers each year, provide comfortable jobs for more than 1,700 army men, and destroy local autonomy. We shall have to leave the ingenious devices by which students are lured into the R. O. T. C. to a subsequent article, but we can at least pay tribute to the success of the organization here. In 226 schools and colleges, R. O. T. C. units are herding 127,453 students for soldiery. Of this mass 41,703 are in high school. There are also 14,807 other high-school pupils who are provided with rifles and ammunition by the War Department, under section 55-C of the National Defense Act, although there are no R. O. T. C. units in their schools. Why has none been established there? The local Boards of Education object, as in New York City; but the same results are achieved without federal labels. The figures for any institution of learning, where the R. O. T. C. has got a foothold, will give one a notion of the cost of this campaign. It takes $49,705.95 a year to keep Cornell University in military pursuits—and this sum excludes the value of permanent equipment on hand, which is $485,392.66, and the annual salary of the

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instructors from the army, which is $111,709.65.

Rifle clubs, founded and equipped free by the War Department, induce another 110,000 Americans to shoot. Rivalling the R. O. T. C. in importance, however, are the C. M. T. C.'s, the last great bulwark of the Citizens' Army. This summer these units enticed 37,500 young men, between seventeen and thirty-five, by offering them—but let one of their posters tell the story:

> New camp near Monterey; $40,000 improvements; 15,000 acres overlooking Salinas Valley and Sea; Reception by Salinas Chamber of Commerce. Best of Grub—Swimming—Athletic and Ball Fields—Rifle Range—Field Equipment—Fun.

Even this poster doesn't tell the whole story. "Is he interested in amusements?" writes an army officer in The Washington Star. "There are dances with charming young ladies under proper patronage." Hostesses and horses—campfires and adventure—prestige and romance—and seventy cents a day to boot for any young man who is interested in amusements and will learn how to make war. No organization has ever inspired more loyal coöperation. Prominent citizens offer prizes, ranging from Fords to police pups, for the canvasser who brings in the most recruits. The United States Steel Corporation and two hundred similarly patriotic concerns pay their employees full salaries while they attend a military camp. Educational authorities gallantly respond to the appeal of the bugles with scholarships for the campers. Forty-nine institutions proved their patriotism one year, including such seats of learning as the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Pittsburgh, and Carnegie Tech. The Women's Reserve Corps, through its contact officer in the War Department, offers prizes to girls between thirteen and nineteen for the best essays on "Why Young Men I Know Should Attend a C. M. T. C." The press is very helpful with editorials and cartoons, such as the one in the New York Daily Mirror, which contrasted street-corner non-campers, leering after passing girls, with a rapt group of uniformed boys around a campfire. The Post Office Department contributed a rousing stamp: "Let's go. C. M. T. C.'s." This stamp is somewhat puzzling to our foreign correspondents. Recently an Englishman, who had sent a good-will letter to the National Council for the Prevention of War, was surprised to behold the military insignia on the envelope bearing a reciprocal message. "Isn't this a bit incongruous?" he asked.

To complete the military picture, we might glance at the regular army, which comprises 120,000 enlisted men and over 12,000 commissioned officers. Pacifists complain because the recruiting posters never mention kitchen police, army packs in a blazing sun, and saltpeter in the coffee. But does the tire manufacturer advertise a man pumping a flat? When the army spreads it gospel with a sham battle, the spectacle is properly impressive. Pyrotechnics, flares, signal rockets, gas masks, smoke screens, and powder charges give realism to the show. Batteries sputter, tanks crawl and spout fire, cannons roar, rifles crack, rockets drop from aeroplanes zooming over the battlefield. A thousand men play with blimps and anti-aircraft battery. Buildings are blown up, machine-gun nests strafed, counter-attacks resisted, and a "mop-up" portrayed. Such drama! . . . And no casualties.

In their zeal for recruits, according to the late Congressman Casey, the handsome recruiting officers will not always refuse men under the influence of bootleg liquor. The heads of the recruiting department have also—unwittingly, no doubt—displayed misleading posters. "Do you want to go to West Point?" was one tempting one. "Ask recruiting officer." A number of boys were dispatched to this recruiting station, as a test, by that militant pacifist, Congressman La Guardia. The poster had told the truth! All the applicant had to do was enlist and he would be sent to West Point! La Guardia quickly made a compilation: One boy in 25,000, he found, has that chance in the army. Although the poster had cost $300,000, the War Department backed water and pulled it down.

DUFF GILFOND.

Washington Notes

OF the many hollow humbugs with which we are afflicted in Washington, in my judgment this business of putting the two national committees on a "year around basis" stands fairly close to the top. On both sides it is a game of pretense which gives excuse for a pay-roll, but is devoid of either party or public usefulness. It involves the expenditure of large sums of money from which practically no results whatever are obtained. The publicity and propaganda cancel each other, and that is all there is to the business. Both parties would be equally well off if the pay-rolls were abolished and headquarters closed until the spring of 1932. It may seem unkind to make these statements so hard upon the heels of the inspiring words uttered by Mr. Claudius Huston, the new Republican chairman, in which he spoke of his "plans" for bringing the Republican organization to a high state of efficiency, building up the party in the South, and holding the ground gained by Mr. Hoover in the last election.

Nevertheless, the truth is that Mr. Huston has no "plans" worthy of the name, that there is not a thing in the world he can do in the South—or anywhere else—prior to 1932 to promote party prospects. If he were half again as able as he is he could not do anything, for the simple reason that there is nothing to be done. Between national elections, aside from propaganda, which can be more efficiently handled by one man than twenty, the only national politics possible for the party in power is played with the federal patronage. In the matter of federal patronage the Senators and Congressmen from the states count most, the national committeeman from the state

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next, the chairman and his headquarters staff not at all. The state leaders deal directly with the President. They will not have it any other way. Moreover, efforts of the national chairman to help in state elections invariably arouse state resentment, provide the other side with an issue and are unwelcome to state leaders, except in the form of completely secret and very personal money contributions. This sort of contribution is of course not possible for as noble a fellow as the new chairman. It involves subterfuge and deceit, the doctoring of accounts and a general disingenuousness not at all in character with the "high principles" of the party, upon which the new chairman so affectionately dwelt on the day of his selection. That sort of thing would be all right for a Hays, not at all for a Huston, selected by a Hoover and proclaimed as a politician of the "higher plane."

It was perfectly good politics for Mr. Hoover to have the committee called together for the purpose of Hooverizing its organization by the installation of a chairman, executive committee and secretary of his personal choice, who will hold the machinery for him until he needs it in 1932. But my contention is that the advertised "activity" of Mr. Huston and his headquarters is not good politics at all, merely wasted motion and money. In this connection it is interesting to note that, before Mr. Huston took hold and had any "plans," the committee had spent $140,000 between January 1 and August 1 of this year. It would be interesting to know on what and how, and from whom it came, and why. Furthermore, these questions would be asked by the other side if the Democrats were not doing the same thing and more. No such elaborate and expensive headquarters and no such extensive staff as Mr. Shouse is now maintaining in Washington has ever been seen in the off season. And what is it all about and what can they do except burden the mails with a lot of ineffective and completely discounted propaganda? For example, the Shouse headquarters have sent out a million copies of Senator Borah's speech on the debenture plan, using his frank for the purpose and incidentally contributing heavily to the postal deficit. To offset this the Republican committee, as soon as it gets "organized," will send out a million copies of an anti-debenture plan speech under somebody else's frank, thus making its contribution to the deficit.

That kind of "activity" is close to the limit of what a national "year around" headquarters can do—and about all it does do. Of course there is a great deal of meaningless correspondence, the whole idea of which is to keep the chairman before the political eye. But he could do all that with one stenographer in one room. As for the state campaign, neither the national committees nor the congressional and senatorial committees can do anything helpful except give money—and that is helpful only if given secretly. No better example of this can possibly be found than the Virginia Democratic eagerness to make it plain that they not only do not want but will not receive a dollar from the national committee in their present gubernatorial campaign, in which they are opposed by a Slemp-Cannon coalition. Virginia Democratic leaders are united in the conviction that the way for Mr. Shouse to help in their state is by keeping consistently quiet. It is no secret that North Carolina and Alabama Democrats feel exactly the same way. In Virginia, Mr. Slemp was forced to a similar repudiation of the idea that he was looking for financial or other assistance from the national committee of his party.

The cold truth is that there is nothing the "year around" headquarters of either party can do to promote prospects. The whole business on both sides, as at present conducted, is without adequate excuse and ought to be stopped. As a matter of fact, even during a national campaign when headquarters and a big staff are justified and necessary, the size of the pay-rolls, the extent of the publicity, the multitudinous rooms and general outpouring of money have reached ridiculous proportions. It is impossible to estimate the expenditures of the two parties in the last campaign. The only thing of which we are sure is that the printed reports of receipts and expenditures did not begin to tell the full story. They never do. Although the scale on which party headquarters in presidential campaigns are now conducted is far beyond the point of even reasonable efficiency, there is excuse for waste and excuse for inefficiency when the struggle is on. But between campaigns the creation of large and luxurious establishments in Washington, operated at a cost of a quarter of a million a year, is obviously absurd.

Republicans and Democrats have gone this time to unprecedented lengths in their between-campaign "activity." The Democrats started it. They got what they thought was the jump on the Republicans when they organized their new and high-priced publicity bureau, which has been feverishly energetic since the tariff fight started. My information is that Mr. Huston "plans" to establish Republican supremacy again in the propaganda line; that more and larger rooms are to be engaged, a bigger permanent staff gathered together, and the publicity department enlarged. This will again of course restore the old status. It will enable each committee to nullify what the other does in the propaganda line—but that is all. There is nothing else to it. The post-office deficit would be helped and not a soul hurt—except the job holders on the pay-roll—if they were both throttled down to one room and a couple of handy fellows with the typewriter.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Episode

The grey sea-birds were flying at the coasts
Of cliffs that wore, like strange, unquiet hair,
The mists that were a cloud for what dim ghosts
Of troubled lovers deathless in despair!
And there was one, a woman, wandered there
In love's long trouble that is never done,
And heard the sea-birds crying down the air,
Flying for havens that were never won.

The pallor of spent passion in her face
Might well have been the light that pride, alone,
Had left for token of a little grace
When all things else but pride itself had flown—
And flickered, now, and wavered, bent and blown,
And died—and there was darkness on that place.

DAVID MORTON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Ralph Barton on Satire

SIR: Gilbert Seldes, in his review of "God's Country" in your issue of August 28, condemns American satire because it is not "effective." This is very like dismissing the watermelon as a useless fruit because you cannot make pumpkin pies with it. Mr. Seldes errs, with nine out of ten of our deadly earnest people, in looking upon satire as a "weapon" and in measuring its effectiveness "by the wincing of the galled jade." He insists that satirists be reformers, that they be *for* or *against* something. He doubtless believes that caricaturists distort with the intention of wounding the vanity of their subjects.

Mr. Seldes is looking at the occasional results of satire and forgetting its objects and aims. The satirical work of Voltaire was not written with the object of bringing on the French Revolution. The Revolution would have astonished and dismayed the old man, had he lived to see it. He wrote for no better reason (because there isn't any better reason) than to let people see what he saw. What they did when they saw it was not his affair.

Mr. Seldes demands, a little fretfully, to know *why* I felt that I wanted to write such a book. Permit me to answer. Merely and solely because I find a general on horseback an infinitely more amusing subject than Swiss cheese. I am not *against* generals on horseback. I wouldn't have them abolished or changed for the world. On the contrary, I regret the passing of plumes and passementerie as the bootleggers will regret the passing of prohibition—and for the same reasons. RALPH BARTON.

New York City.

Greek and Japanese Frogs

SIR: It deeply pains me to see how your critic, Professor Paul Shorey, in his review of "Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology," in The New Republic for September 4, after revealing so appreciative and luminous an understanding of the Greek epigram, fails so disastrously to catch the significance and even the closely perfected beauty and power of the curt Japanese *haikai,* or poem of seventeen syllables. To one who has read so intimately the wonderful bits of verse in the "Anthology" it should be quite simple, it seems to me, to feel the immense power and beauty and suggestion with which the best of the *haikai—hoku* or *haiku,* if you prefer—are so tremendously charged.

Of course, as heirs of the Greek tradition—in a way—and more familiar with Attic thought and mental processes, the Greek epigram is much closer to our business and bosoms; but we who are reared on the brevity of Bacon and the compressed phrases of Shakespeare, Milton, and our proverbs, should have little difficulty in discerning the import, and interpreting and applying the suggestion, in these small fragments of song.

And I think that it is well worth any amount of interest we may give to the Japanese *haikai,* surely one of the greatest triumphs of poetry, many of them worthy of having been created by "the supreme head of song." There are, I should suppose, a thousand beautiful *haikai* in Japanese literature to every dozen fine Greek epigrams—counting even what has been lost in each language. And there are almost countless *haikai* that may well challenge the beauty and power of the best Greek. It must be admitted, of course, a certain loftiness and grace in the Greek that are not approached in any other literature of its form or class. I cannot, at this moment, recall a Greek epigram that surpasses in short-kirtled beauty and strength and tenderness the famous three-line verse composed by the poetess Choyo as she went to a neighbor's to borrow water, because the morning-glory (*asagao*) had flung its tendrils about her well-rope during the night. I venture the five words of the original:

Asagao ni
Tsurube torarete—
Morai-mizu!

(The morning-glory having seized my well rope-gift-water.)

The illustrious Japanese scholar, Basil Hall Chamberlain, tried to put this into a brief English poem. I quote it from memory:

The morning-glory round
My well-bucket has bound;
I could not break the bands
Of those soft hands.
To her the bucket and the well I left:
Give me some water, for I come bereft.

There is a vast gulf between the profusion of English words required to express the thought of the Japanese poet which is fully and exquisitely and tenderly expressed in five words, and one of them a mere particle.

What particularly disturbed me, however, was Professor Shorey's apparent failure to catch the significance of the *haikai* of the frog leaping in an old well. This ancient bit of verse he attributes, I know not by what process of divination, to the very modern poet, Yone Noguchi. The poem loses somewhat in the Professor's version—if it is his:

Into the ancient pond
The frog jumps.
Sound of the water.

This is utter nonsense, whoever did it. It does not at all convey the meaning or the suggestion of the original.

Furuike ya
Kawazu tobikomu—
Mizu no oto.

This may be put into English as follows:

An old pond (or well),
A frog leaps in:
There comes the sound of water.

And the meaning, quite simple to a Japanese, particularly to one an exile in an alien and remote land, is that when something from the past, or from the homeland, speaks to us, we are sick with longing . . . or something akin to this.

The suggestion to memory, or patriotism, or love of home contained in this, as in so many *haikai,* reminds one of the tragic cry at the end of Greek choruses—*Ailinon!* or some poignant "chorus-ending from Euripides."

But Japan is far from us . . . and its quaint and exquisite poetry and sentiment are still farther removed.

Columbia, S. C. STANHOPE SAMS.

A Comic Customs Censorship

SIR: Your issue of July 3 has just reached me, with its amusing article "The Customs Men Keep Us Pure" (page 176), in which my book "Radiant Motherhood" is referred to as among the banned. By the way, it is a volume written solely for the pregnant woman, in order to help to lighten the physical burden of child-bearing and increase the beauty and health of the child in her womb—a curious thing for any country to object to!

So "Radiant Motherhood" is to be stopped entry to America at the customs house. Will it not give you, and America in general, a chuckle to learn that it is now, and has been for some years past, regularly published in New York by that Archbishop of publishers, Major George Putnam?

There are certain people who try to step in and injure everything I do just because it is done by *me,* but they surely have landed themselves on the horns of a most comical dilemma in endeavoring to interfere with my efforts to increase the healthy birth rate. It is an aspect of my day-by-day work which is very important and to which hundreds of babies owe their beautiful and happy existence, who would otherwise never have been born; but this aspect of control over procreation has always been deliberately smothered and hidden by the Romish ranters against me. Apparently some of them have got into the customs house in America. May a simple Briton ask you whether you still call yourselves the Land of the Free?

London, England. MARIE C. STOPES.

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Liberal Italy

History of Italy, 1871-1915, by Benedetto Croce. Translated by Cecilia M. Ady. New York: Oxford University Press. 333 pages. $5.

CROCE shows that those who consider United Italy a failure entertain two principal misconceptions: that society fits preconceived patterns, and that nations have special "missions." These misconceptions imply that Italy should have emerged overnight into a ready-made nation, in a form previously imagined, without undergoing the vacillations, travail and conflicts of rebirth. Italy should have accomplished the redemption of all oppressed people; should have freed the world from the spiritual bondage of the Catholic Church; and should have established a "third Rome," "emulating and even surpassing in thought and achievements the world supremacy of both ancient and Christian Rome."

As a matter of fact, Italy could not fit a "pattern," nor had she any "mission" to accomplish. The conflict between the Right and the Left, the fall of the former, the subsequent "transformism," the attendant governmental instability, were all manifestations of real vitality and of the struggle of a young nation to find its way. The "transformism" of the '80's and the '90's showed that the Italians had genuine political ability, in that they were ready to accommodate themselves to the exigencies of the time. The disintegration of the two old parties, the frequent rise and fall of ministries were not "a sign of Italian weakness." To interpret them so is to hold a static concept of history. "Historians are usually professors or other simple-minded people, who are bewildered at the very suggestion of ministerial changes and by the continuous failure to realize their cherished hope for a 'stable government.' Above all [they are perplexed] in the presence of changes, because, according to the secret desires of their hearts, the world should stand still."

That Italy actually made great strides, every page of the book evidences. Even as early as 1888, Gladstone was impressed by the social and moral aspect of the new Italy; he could compare it with nothing but the transformation of France between the Revolution and the Empire. To Croce's mind, "Liberty had indeed been established, not slowly and painfully as among other peoples in the past, but in a moment, and taking as its starting-point the highest measure attained elsewhere." The system of government by police, with its suspects and political informers, its espionage and annoyances, disappeared; the aroma of incense and of the sacristy was dissipated, together with the inquisitorial methods of priests and Jesuits; a complete freedom of the press, of association and public discussion, became a reality; politicians, journalists and speakers went from city to city at will; people and government kept the course marked out by Cavour of a "free Church in a free State"; sharp religious controversies were avoided; Socialism, starting out thoroughly Marxian, gradually moved toward "reformism"; a widespread humanitarian movement found expression in important social legislation; simplicity and sincerity were the rule in education; serious magazines arose and found support; art and literature experienced a rebirth; the provincialisms and localisms of the past lost their acuteness, and a common life developed; the separation of classes, never great in Italy, became even less; brigandage was practically extinguished; thought emerged from a narrow nationalism and race-superiority stage into patriotism and cosmopolitanism; the public debt was paid; the budget was balanced; imports and exports increased; agriculture, industry and business took on new life; and the conditions of labor greatly improved. And so on, *ad infinitum*. All in all, Croce shows that self-government and free life in their various manifestations increased during the period covered by the book; indeed the rebirth of Italy, "her national impetus, the rapid assembling of herself and the achievement of governmental unity, manifest one of the most happy and clear realizations of all that the European spirit had, for more than half a century, set as a goal and loved as the beautiful creature of its dream."

The book is the product of a mind of the first order. Croce sees with eagle eyes, far and wide; he views not single occurrences, but the whole sweep of events. He relates and inter-relates the various phases of Italian life as only one who has lived during the period can interpret them. (Croce was born in 1866.) There is scarcely an aspect of Italy's development which he does not analyze. As a philosopher, Croce tends to look at the trend of events too much as a smoothly running system. Occasionally he even seems to interpret affairs a bit ideally. And yet he views the entire scene sufficiently objectively so that doctrinaires of all shades will find an abundance of texts in this scripture.

The book is powerful more in what it implies than in what it says. Two chapters particularly, the seventh and the ninth, bristle with implications. In the first, Croce paints a picture of Crispi: the shrewd, mail-fisted dictator, who as Prime Minister takes over two *portafogli*, who provokes high-powered nationalism and then invokes it to his aid to foster his ambition for an Italian empire, who swings from Left to Right, who passes from bitter antagonism to the Church to attempts at reconciliation between it and the State, and who finally is shattered upon the rocks of international relations. The ninth chapter is even more pregnant, in that it presents conclusive evidence that pre-war Italy was far from the economic wreck that contemporary politics pictures.

Italy's position in the War, her realization of the unreliability of the Triple Alliance, the lukewarm opposition of the Socialists and the Catholics, the heated conflicts between "interventionists" and "neutralists," Giolitti's dickerings with Austria-Hungary and Italy's actual participation in the War are summarily treated in the last chapter and reveal the country still in the throes of basic conflict. As an historical document, however, these pages add nothing new to what is already known, particularly for anyone familiar with Fay's work on the "Origins of the World War."

The author avows, in the preface, that the book "is not in any sense written with a purpose"; yet the work is by far the most important anti-Fascist work which has thus far appeared. Salvemini's "The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy" is somewhat subjective; Ferrari's "Le Régime Fasciste" (Paris, 1928) is excellent as a detailed analysis of Fascism; Trentin's "L'Aventure Italienne" (Paris, 1928) presents some valuable documents; Schneider's "Making the Fascist State" (New York, 1928) appears a bit too credulous. Croce's book towers above them all, though it does not mention Fascism once and only incidentally refers to Mussolini, four times by name and twice indirectly. Its indisputable proofs wind in and out, perforating and undermining the very foundation of Fascism's principal tenets—that liberal and democratic Italy had completely failed. It is doubtless for this reason that Italian critics have received the book with such unanimous

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coldness—as one of them writes. They see in it "an *ex parte* intention and a perfect misunderstanding of the reasons for and the ideal of the Fascist regime. Though acknowledging, naturally, the erudition and the imponent qualities of a man such as Croce, they nevertheless recognize here a book, the thesis of which they cannot accept." One wonders how the book was ever permitted to be published in Italy, what the significance of that fact is, how widely it is being read and what influence it is having.

The translator at times misses the rich meaning and the picturesqueness of the original, or does not take the pains to find the word or turn of phrase which would more nearly say what the Italian says. This, however, is largely a verbal defect. For as a whole the translation is somewhat of an improvement upon the original: the long and complicated sentences—often ambulating and perambulating over a whole page—have been made brief, succinct and clear. And the book in its English dress is nearly as important as it is in the Italian.

CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO.

No More Strikes

The Strike: A Study in Collective Action, by E. T. Hiller. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 304 pages. $2.50.

THE strike is regarded by Professor Hiller as typically involving a cyclical sequence of phases: "organization of the strikers, beginning of the concerted action, maintaining group morale, controlling strike-breakers, neutralizing the maneuvers of the employer, manipulating public opinion, and demobilization." This description reveals that the author views the strike abstractly and as a species of warfare. The analogy to war may be acceptable, but Hiller's manner of examining the strike abstractly permits such skipping about in time and place that one questions whether the resultant neat pigeonholing does not unduly simplify this admittedly complex phenomenon. While interesting evidence, for example, is supplied by the lockout of English agricultural laborers in 1874 and by still earlier strikes against the introduction of machinery, to link such illustrative material with recent American strikes is somewhat far-fetched. And, for that matter, to treat contemporary American and British strikes as if they were manifestations identical in kind may appeal to certain readers as a bit misleading. But the author's abstraction is derived logically from his expressly minimizing the influence of the Industrial Revolution on strikes and, by implication, of national and other environmental settings.

Major attention is devoted to strikes involving immediate economic ends. Such struggles are looked upon as attempts to obtain "security" for the worker—an entirely conservative objective. In the process of striving for "security" there develops a new equilibrium of forces between employer and employee and, most significant of all, new "rights" for the workers emerge. The author apparently does not care to draw the conclusion that strikes confined to such immediates as wages and hours may be "revolutionary"—in the sense that there ensues a shifting of the balance between labor and capital through the establishment of labor's new "rights." Professor Hiller prefers to think of "revolutionary" strikes as those with the (consciously) political purpose of control over government. Evidently he looks upon strikes for ends "within industry" as destined to be nothing more than "conservative" because of his belief that "security" can be obtained without any very drastic changes in basic property rights. In this there appears to be disagreement with Professor Robert E. Park, who writes in the introduction: ". . . . every individual strike may be regarded as a single episode in a larger revolutionary movement, a movement of which the participants are perhaps only dimly conscious."

Those general strikes which are revolutionary in Hiller's meaning, in that their participants seek a different political and constitutional alignment, he views as invariably headed for failure. In support of this contention an imposing array of historical evidence is set forth. Much is also made of the defenses of capitalism: its strongly fortified position in the courts and in the military, its command of industrial technology, and its ability to recruit large sections of the middle class, if its dominance is threatened. All of this is sufficiently convincing, provided one is relatively free from the genetic approach to such questions. But if one believes that the forces which the Industrial Revolution set in motion continue to operate toward a closer integration of working-class psychology, then one may not be so assured about the limited objectives of wage earners. And while it may well be that the general strike is mistaken tactics, this does not impair the ultimate revolutionary efficiency of those strikes avowedly limited in their scope, which, nevertheless, because of their piecemeal procedure, provide opportunity to consolidate whatever gains are achieved.

It would be unjust, however, to make it appear that Professor Hiller commits the major sin of sociology in divorcing his analysis from the evolutionary approach: he makes his own interpretation, as he is entitled to, of evolution. Based on the assumption of a growing mutual dependence between employer and employee, conflict in the form of strikes increasingly threatens the joint enterprise from which they draw their respective incomes. Therefore, as time passes, greater pressure develops in the direction of avoiding strikes which upset the delicate productive mechanism. The author, in reconciling this dependence with the frequent conflicts which still prevail, is rather hard put: ". . . . interests are unlike (divergent), but not antagonistic: the satisfactions of one do not exclude gains for the other." Evidently he finds it difficult to hold to this explanation, for on the last page he writes of "antagonistic, though mutually dependent parties." In support of his contention that strikes have a "tendency to disappear," Professor Hiller sums up:

> Collective agreements serve as bases for resumption of production. By entering into these enforced working relations, the parties modify their status and change their policies and methods of conflict. . . . Out of necessity they harmonize their differences and learn to maintain coöperation.
>
> The frequent recurrence of strikes decreases their imputed utility and increases interdependency. Therefore [sic] their volume measures the rapidity of their approaching end. They must stop short of destroying the possibility of continued coöperation. Increasing concessions indicate that strikes are about to cease.

Events will verify or disprove this view. Aside, however, from statements from such a "conservative" as Gompers that labor will "never stop" in its demands for "more and more," some doubts arise: in the United States the bulk of labor, because unorganized, is a long way from possessing the "status" which Hiller predicates as a basis

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for his optimism concerning the cessation of strikes. In this regard one needs only to recall that great areas of trustified and mechanized industry remain to be won by the unions; and Hiller gives clear indication of the fact that a leading purpose of the strike is to bring union recognition. Most students of labor in the United States will emphasize this feature of the situation as possessing greater significance for some time to come than the far from typical "status" of such a union as the Locomotive Engineers, who, because of a peculiar combination of circumstances, seldom find it necessary even to threaten to strike. Nor will most students agree in crediting welfare work and employee stock-ownership as constituting more than temporary palliatives for allaying industrial unrest. Moreover, England, as a nation where the question of union recognition, for the most part, has been long settled, does not offer much encouragement to the belief that strikes are about to disappear.

The reflection occurs that in all of this more of the "useful art" of economics and less of the "science" of sociology would be helpful. The reader is confronted too frequently with expressions of finality, set forth in sociological jargon. On the thesis of the impending disappearance of strikes: one wonders whether the conclusion in large degree may not be "wish-fulfillment" in response to the intellectual's distaste for social change which comes by means of a form of conflict so "wasteful" as the strike. Strengthening this may be the circumstance that strikes have been relatively few in the United States during the last six or seven years; but this condition is mainly an outcome of stable higher real wages ("prosperity"), on the one hand, combined, on the other, with extensive unemployment throughout most of the period—a state of affairs not conducive to strikes but certainly hardly calculated to furnish the basis for a theory predicting their approaching demise.

Whatever inner urges and outer circumstances may have influenced Professor Hiller in his optimism, one must grant that he has had the courage of his preconceptions. His conclusions, if open to question, should stimulate further theorizing on this important subject. He has done good work in sifting through the writing on the strike, and presents much valuable quoted material from a wide range of sources.

LYLE W. COOPER.

Julian Green

The Dark Journey, by Julian Green. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IT IS not an entirely new phenomenon for an American to win distinction in French literature. Stuart Merrill will at once come to mind as a case in point, but Julian Green, so far as I remember, furnishes the only case of a writer carrying forward simultaneously a literary reputation both in English and French. It is true, Mr. Green is half French by birth, but he has had part of his education in this country and retains his American citizenship. His place in the history of literature is likely to be ambiguous, especially if his later work fulfills the extraordinary promise of his present product—for he is still under thirty.

Julian Green began his international career with "Mont Cinère," translated two years ago as "Avarice House." He followed it by the publication of "Adrienne Mesurat," called in English "The Closed Garden." This year sees his third success (though not his third book) translated as "The Dark Journey," and awarded Harpers' Novel Prize.

Mr. Green's novels are all illustrations of closed technique—a few characters intensively studied, moved by persistent forces in a simple pattern to an inevitable end; the whole action contained in a limited background which, like the characters, is realized with great intensity. Of the three international novels "Avarice House" is much the most elementary. The background is a decayed plantation in Virginia, Mont Cinère, where live grandmother, mother and daughter, all victims of avarice, of which the mother is the active principle, the daughter, the resentful victim. Their contacts with the outer world are of the slightest—the tragedy is wholly self-contained. Mont Cinère itself, from which Mr. Green originally named his novel, in the menacing ruin of its former grandeur, is an exciting force in the mother's obsession, and the fire which consumes it is, as it were, symbolical of the passion which has eaten out the human life which animated it.

"The Closed Garden" is an advance upon "Avarice House" both in complexity and intensity. Mesurat, the retired school teacher, is not the vehicle of a single passion, but a congeries of the traits of the French bourgeois. He, with his two daughters, lives with some material comfort but in utter spiritual poverty, in a detached villa, set in a walled garden, in a small provincial town. M. Mesurat has an ancestry, the vital principle of which has entered into his younger daughter, Adrienne, who is shut up with her father and invalid sister, alone and friendless, in an environment of oppressive monotony, suffocated by respectability. In complete ignorance of life, with no contact with the world to give her any sense of proportion, Adrienne imagines a love affair with her doctor which brings her to the murder of her father, and madness—results which follow from specific causes with a precision which is the triumph of Mr. Green's cold reason and esthetic detachment.

The third movement of what may be regarded as a symphony of despair shows even greater complexity in the number of elements involved and their reaction upon each other. The setting is still a provincial town, but there is a human background, a chorus made up of local characters who frequent the restaurant kept by Madame Londe. She holds her boarders by dispensing to them the favors of Angèle. With desire of this girl, Guéret, a poor teacher, is terribly smitten, driven, when he learns the truth about her, to attack her, to blast her beauty, to flee and in terror to kill an old man by the road, to return, still on fire for Angèle, and hover about the neighborhood, to be betrayed finally by Madame Grosgeorge, of whose son he had been the tutor.

These characters are all animated by single motives, Guéret by desire, Angèle by an instinct of self-preservation, Madame Londe by love of power supported by curiosity and knowledge of the affairs of her clients, Madame Grosgeorge by sheer boredom; but in the working out of these motives they are illustrations of the unexpected, the incalculable, the incongruous in human action. This unexpectedness gives to their story its sensational interest, its uncanny power. The careful realism of the provincial background and the discreetly caricatured portraits of the bourgeois at Madame Londe's table recall the art of Flaubert and Maupassant; the psychological study of Guéret, in his crime, flight and hovering return, will readily bring to mind Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment." Madame Grosgeorge and the fluttering girl victims, Angèle and Fernande, are more subtly reminiscent of the Russian. Indeed, "The Dark Journey" suggests an action by Dostoyevsky in a setting by Maupassant. This combination is not as suc-

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cessful as the more limited technique of "Adrienne Mesurat." Mr. Green sometimes loses his sense of proportion—he bears on too heavily.

But neither in his faults nor his virtues is Mr. Green American. A hundred-percenter might allow him perhaps one percent—for his name and citizenship. But the future historian of literature will have to reckon with the evidence of the Harper prize, and will be puzzled by it.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Pure Science at Louisville

Modern Materialism and Emergent Evolution, by William McDougall. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. 249 pages. $2.50.

IN HIS recent memoirs James Mark Baldwin related a conversation between himself as a graduate student at Princeton and James McCosh, President and practising philosopher. Baldwin proposed to write a doctoral dissertation on Spinoza; but McCosh disposed of the matter by ordering him to *refute* materialism. Baldwin declares that in two months he had done it—to the President's satisfaction. Baldwin's refutation of materialism was not the first nor the last. Professor McDougall in six lectures, covering here 125 pages, refutes materialism—to the satisfaction of the Louisville Presbyterian Seminary. For good measure he also adds almost as many more pages in appendices to make the satisfaction general among his scientific and philosophic colleagues.

The author does not spare himself a full-size job. It is modern materialism and its most up-to-date accommodation to criticism that he undertakes to refute. Modern materialism differs from the older atomistic type in attempting to apply mechanistic explanation to the organic, as the latter applied it to the inorganic. Emergent evolution is taken to be the up-to-the-minute model of the materialistic motif; and against its materialistic aspects McDougall masses his heaviest artillery. His weightiest charge is the common-sense one that since the forces that we know best, our own conscious experiences, are conditioned by memory and operate through purpose, and since, by scientific contention and his own tentative admission, neither memory nor imagination is observable in the inorganic, life and mind can be regarded neither as functions of, nor as emergents from, the inorganic. Since evolution implies direction and guidance, there has been no material evolution. If purposive evolution be merely piecemeal, no important evolution could take place on the organic level. Significant evolution implies cumulative purpose. So the inheritance of acquired characteristics is assumed, first as plausible, then—as such things go—probable, then reasonable, and finally all but proved—by researches referred to but not paraded even in the appendices.

What Professor McDougall wants to prove in all this is that purpose is effective as cause. But to do so he feels that he must show that purpose, ideas, mind, are not themselves caused by material or even physiological events. He welcomes emergent evolution for its frequent if not general emphasis upon mind as cause; but he wars upon it for holding that life and mind emerge from the non-vital. Does he, then, mean to assert that mind has no natural history? He does, in the ordinary sense of the term "natural." Mind is the function of organization, but not of material organization. Organization, then, of what? Of something immaterial, by explicit declaration. Have we here plasm hardened by southern heat to endure the light of science?

But philosophic strategy requires one to attack when he does not know what he is defending. I think that the author considers the book to be largely an onslaught rather than a construction. He is gallant on the offensive. He makes materialism out as esthetic equivocation in the interest of excessive simplicity. He makes emergent evolution out to be a ready practice of natural piety upon every occasion. But what price this victory over them? Is organization of I-know-not-what the only way to defend the casual efficacy of purposive action? Perhaps the emergent evolutionists have gone as far as we can now go empirically; and McDougall insists that this problem cannot be successfully attacked by philosophy but only by science. It is a question, he says, of fact—not of values. Might mind not be the effect of material causes without ceasing to be the cause of material effects? How, at least, can this be denied on empirical grounds? McDougall, it would appear, attempts too much. One suspects, indeed, that he is interested not merely in the efficacy of mind but also in its integrity. That is another matter; and one which, by his own rectification of the boundary of science and philosophy, belongs to the philosopher. Psychical research drives us, according to McDougall, to a belief in the survival of (all or part of) the personality, or to the acceptance of robust telepathy. Teleology flowers thus as theology, or at least as science satisfactory to theologians.

It is well to have in a single volume both the piecemeal miracles of emergent evolution and the great mystery of mind; for while McDougall modestly though argumentatively prefers the mystery, there may be found at Louisville or elsewhere some who will want both the miracles and the mystery. Until more scientific proof (since this is a scientific question) is available than is here provided, they could not without intolerance be denied their desire.

T. V. SMITH.

Dangers of Democracy

The Western Way, by Frederic Jesup Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 390 pages. $3.50.

MR. STIMSON has written a thoughtful book, imbued with good-tempered protest against tendencies in modern America which he believes have endangered the democratic principle. Forty years ago he began publishing acute and erudite studies of our legislative trend. He went back to Lieber and Tocqueville for prophecies then, and he still does, so he has not been surprised to see our democracy run more and more to "socialistic" laws. The foundation principle of respect for individual rights is being sapped, he thinks, by the tyrannous majority. Women, who did not fight the long battle for liberty through the development of political institutions, are pushing us up short cuts to the millennium. But he asks more than stubborn resistance on behalf of freedom. He wants a "qualitative" reform in our lives and refuses to be content with a "civilization of contrivances."

The economics of Mr. Stimson's book are not so clear and authoritative as his legal philosophy, but he is squarely set for a sound definition of value. In the pursuit of this definition he mounts by the steps of a highly personal eloquence from analysis and doubts to the affirmation that democracy, the "western way," is the most hopeful form of government because it is the most hopeful teacher. It may aim at Light and Life as well as freedom. He urges that the aim be not forgotten in short-sighted enthusiasms for immediate results.

LYMAN BRYSON.

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Novels of Several Nations

Chéri, by Colette. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.
Stranger Fidelities, by Mathilde Eiker. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.
Modesta, by G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A CERTAIN type of masculine critic is always demanding, rather shrilly, that women writers develop a tradition of their own and cease to imitate the alien accents of men. To these gentlemen, Madame Colette must seem a model of literary virtue. No reader, however stupid, could suppose that a man had written so much as a page of her novels. The voluptuous world in which her Parisian sophisticates move is seen exclusively through feminine eyes, governed only by laws of female instinct and emotion. Intelligence plays no part in it. Physical passion, directly and unabashedly observed, is its motive force, and it is untainted by devious, man-made psychology.

"Chéri," the first of Colette's novels to be published in America, is a pretty good yardstick for measuring her stature—though perhaps it does not wholly explain her vast popularity in France. It concerns an ageing courtesan, obsessed and finally deserted by a young *gigolo* whose sleek feline beauty and caressing ways are more nearly animal than human. For these two, bodily pleasure is everything. Their purely physical and earthy emotions are recorded by Colette with a sympathy and a scrupulous precision which frees the book from any charge of sensationalism. She makes desperately real the plight of a sensual woman whose physical powers are waning, contrives to bring out the tragedy in a situation which might have been either ridiculous or repellent, yet never sacrifices a glittering lightness of touch. She can lure one into believing, momentarily, that her narrow, sex-absorbed world is normal and self-sustaining. When the spell breaks, however, one realizes that her perfumed pink boudoirs breathe forth too stifling an atmosphere and mirror a distorted cosmos. We are all animals, yes—but most of us manage to take occasional excursions from the zoo. Because her characters are destitute of those spiritual and intellectual qualities which give mankind some semblance of dignity, Colette's world is limited, lopsided and—ultimately—a little dull.

Warmth and vitality, nevertheless, are attributes not to be despised. One is more appreciative of Colette after reading so slick and anemic a book as "Stranger Fidelities." Marie-Hélène, its gentle and painfully acquiescent heroine, has little in common with Colette's warm-blooded Frenchwomen. That she dutifully married in succession two elderly husbands, one is prepared to believe, but that she had a passionate war-time affair with a young American, later resumed after ten years and innumerable complications—never! The girl was too passive and too bloodless. Miss Eiker has attempted to draw the portrait of a typical French wife, gracious, dutiful and conscientious, who was strangely transplanted to America and perpetually torn by conflicting loyalties. She has not succeeded. Marie-Hélène is neither very convincing nor very French. The series of coincidences which keep her apart from her lover are worthy, moreover, of the movie version of "Evangeline." They are quite unworthy of the author of "Over the Boatside." Miss Eiker started off well, but her latest novel, like the one preceding it, is a facile and perfunctory piece of work.

As for G. B. Stern, whose current offering is equally disappointing and less forgivable, someone should suggest that she choose for a wall motto the ancient platitude, *Noblesse Oblige*. A writer with the capacity to produce that rich, substantial and exuberant novel, "The Matriarch," has no business to waste her time on such empty froth as "Modesta." Aside from complications of heredity and a secondary love affair, the plot goes this way: Laurie Ferrier, in a fit of youthful chivalry, marries a pretty Italian peasant whose distaste for manual labor has convinced him that she is of superior clay. In London, under the expert tutelage of his mother, Modesta develops into an arrogant little gold-digger with the airs of a fine lady. She at last becomes so unbearable that Laurie spirits her back to her Italian village and subjects her to the same effective treatment which Petruchio gave his shrew. As "Thunderstorm" proved, Miss Stern is well versed in the delightful vagaries of the Italian character. Charm and humor are not lacking in "Modesta," but the book as a whole is implausible, artificial, and wholly trivial. At her best, Miss Stern has a wider range than Colette, more emotional depth than Miss Eiker. It is a pity that she should be so spendthrift of her gifts.

EDITH H. WALTON.

Family Group, by Diana Patrick. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

"FAMILY GROUP" is a mixture of glibness, sentimentality, and—strangely enough—charm. Miss Patrick is suspect: do her people live or are they like the figures in Madame Toussaud's; waxy perfection, closely imitating reality? Sometimes the Harlyns—*mère* and *père*, Merry, Irene, Bayard, Patrick and Rosalind—seem actual. In their transit from union in poverty to anarchy in riches (a sophisticated Cinderella theme) there are episodes of authentic gayety, tenderness, and disappointment. These brief scenes are what the book holds of charm. Part One—the Harlyn family, destitute, in a north England manufacturing town—is definitely the best of Miss Patrick's novel. When she arrives at Part Two—the Harlyns turned plutocrats in an ancestral mansion in Cornwall—she shows the influence of the "Poor Little Rich Girl." She uses literary tricks for wringing tears from her audience. She is verbose, indulging herself in pseudo-poetical descriptions and emotional soul-searchings. She is mildly cheap. Yet unaccountably, infrequently, she is charming. There have been innumerable better novels, and some worse.

M. G.

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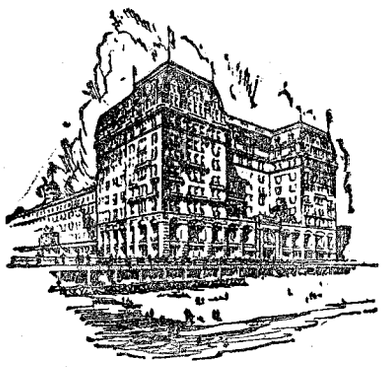

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